THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIX.—No. 1542

JULY 5, 1933

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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FRANCE—(continued).

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GERMANY—(continued).

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The Bystander, July 5, 1933 No. 1542. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BENITA HUME

the most sought-after British film-star, who has made a big name for herself in Hollywood. Having completed two films for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she appeared in a Paramount film, and is now engaged in a Radio film entitled "Three Came Unarmed." Last summer she was appearing on the regular stage, as Miranda Clayfoot, in Ivor Novello's play, "Party," at the Strand Theatre

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THE • MIRROR • IN • MAYFAIR

Reflections on the World and his Wife . . .

By "QUICKSILVER"

A WEEK of parties—good, indifferent, and bad parties, and so many that I couldn't attempt to describe them all to you. Instead, let us take the two best.

THE largest party, not only of this week, but of years, in England, was Mr. Charlie Munn's, given at the White City Stadium. It was a super-party, with 60,000 members of the public there to watch.

MR. CHARLIE MUNN is one of the best-looking Americans it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I must be insular, however, and say his good looks are very English! He is tall, with strong features, steady eyes, and an intelligent forehead. He looks like a Colonel of the Brigade who has seen active and adventurous service. Mr. Munn is very popular in England; his great friends are to be found among the smart "grown-ups" of society—for example, the Sutherlands, the Adrian Baillies, the Blandfords.

IT was Charlie Munn who introduced greyhound racing over here, and the enthusiasm he heard expressed on Monday night must have pleased him as much as the financial returns. Greyhounds, however, only played a part in the Stadium party. There was boxing, show jumping, polo, and magnificent fireworks. Anyone who has visited the White City must have been thrilled the first time they saw the flood-lit arena and the tremendous crowds perpetually moving in the dimness behind. The dining arrangements are good. I know no more comfortable show, for I like watching while I eat, and eating while I enjoy myself.

THE party was actually given for Mr. Munn's two daughters, Frances and Mary. They are both attractive, and both have inherited a certain gracious charm which is characteristic of their father. In them the buoyant American exuberance which is so often surprising to us is toned to a controlled vitality. The most attractive English girl present was Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, who grows in charm day by day. She was a little silent when she first came out, now there is a radiance about her and her smile which, to my mind, is quite irresistible. Incidentally, she is the most unspoilt of her contemporaries, in spite of continual praise and practically negligible criticism. Of the "grown-ups," Lady Dalkeith was looking very pretty. I like her simplicity. Mrs. James Beck was, as usual, incredibly neat and beautiful, and no party would be complete without Lady Cunard and Lady Diana Cooper. Altogether, Mr. Charlie Munn's party justified the talk and advance publicity it had been given.

A VERY different party was given at Admiralty House the next night by Sir Bolton and Lady Eyres Monsell; it was for their daughters, Diana and Joan, as well as for their débutante niece, Mary Christian. The majority of the guests were very young, and I must say that, collectively, the débutantes of this and last year are a very attractive lot. Well-dressed and soignées, they compare favourably, if not to advantage, with the post-war years of débutante emancipation.

DIANA EYRES MONSELL is unusually tall; she has a sincere, honest character, and makes friends slowly. Her sister, Joan, is smart and up-to-date. There is a persistent rumour of Joan's engagement to Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, which, however, is so far denied (or is it forbidden?) by Sir Bolton. At the party, they had both been allowed to invite their own friends, some of whom they entertained at separate dinner-tables. It was interesting to see the contrast in the sisters and in their friends.

DANCING at Admiralty House is difficult, because there is no very large ball-room, a series of good-sized rooms,

Swaebe

Viscountess Castlereagh takes her Daughter for a Sun-and-Airing

Lord and Lady Castlereagh's small daughter was born last year, and is called Jane Antonia Frances. Lady Castlereagh, before her marriage to Lord Londonderry's only son in 1931, was Miss Romaine Combe. She and her husband have a house in Park Street, where they live while the House is sitting, Lord Castlereagh being the Member for Co. Down

Lady Helen Primrose and Mr. Hugh Smith

Left: Lady Helen Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, and Mr. Hugh Adeane Smith, the youngest son of Mr. and Lady Sybil Smith, and a cousin of the Earl of Antrim, who was best man, were married last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Right: Mr. George Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman's only son, and Lady Joan Villiers, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, outside Hampstead Parish Church, where they were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury

Below: Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, who is engaged to the Hon. Edward Bigham, and Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes were at the Smith-Primrose wedding together

Mr. George Newman

The Duchess of Westminster and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after Lady Helen Primrose's wedding there last week

Lady Elizabeth Hare, Lady Katherine Howard, and Lady Susan Egerton on their way to Lord Rosebery's house in Berkeley Square, where the reception was held for his daughter's wedding

hung with fine pictures, open out of each other, but there is always that doorway congestion. The supper was laid in the State bedrooms, which was disappointing, because most people seem to enjoy looking with reverence at where the First Lord rests his weary head in slumber. However, the flowers were lovely, and so was Lady Georgiana Curzon, in a plain black dress trimmed with a frill of white organdie. Lady Bridget Poulett was looking pretty, but, as usual, seemed undecided as to whom she would or would not know. Eileen Brougham was enjoying herself; her good manners are becoming as well-known as Miss Katherine Horlick's, which makes them two very popular young women. People are getting tired of bored indifference to courtesy.

PERHAPS the most charming "young-married" was Princess Otto Von Bismarck. She is one of the most delightful diplomatists who have ever visited us. In a dress of white and emerald green, with her shining fair hair and an animated gay expression, her charms brook no rivals. Lady Scarsdale, who has been entertaining at Kedleston since her return from South Africa, was wearing some fine diamonds, and Lady Smiley's wedding-present necklace glittered against an amazing dress of lace and diamanté.

MANY of the "marrieds" left early to go on to a small party given by Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston for Prince George. It was an intimate, gay affair, with an excellent band, and everyone who had been asked was glad to be present.

LADY DUFFERIN'S dress of gold and black flowered brocade was striking; she wore with it jewellery of many colours. Lady Dufferin loves unusual and rather flamboyant clothes; they express her gaiety, her enjoyment of life, and the happiness she finds in being herself. If you are tired of women moulded on models and monotonous in their uniformity, Lady Dufferin is a joy to meet. She disdains the fashionable thinness which has

Joan Villiers

At Pitt House, for the Newman-Villiers Wedding Reception

Above, right: Miss Peggy Hambro, who was one of Lady Joan Villiers's five grown-up bridesmaids, and Mrs. Robin Bushman walking from the church to the reception

Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis and Mr. Ralph Cobbold leaving Pitt House, the Clarendons' house in Hampstead, where Lady Clarendon held her daughter's wedding reception

Sir Paul Latham, M.P., and Lady Patricia Moore

Leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster: Sir Paul Latham, and Lady Patricia Moore, the daughter of the Earl of Drogheda and Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, after their wedding, where the crowds behaved more as if they were at a circus than a church

been assiduously sought by another of Mrs. Lawson-Johnston's guests, Lady Portarlington, whose figure, which was always good, is now, after a strict régime, startlingly perfect.

LADY PORTARLINGTON'S taste in house decoration is well known, but a large number of people had not been privileged to view Chesham Place until the Latham-Moore reception was held there on Thursday. The house then attracted nearly as much attention as the bride and bridegroom.

Bridesmaids at the Latham-Moore Wedding

Five of Lady Patricia Moore's grown-up bridesmaids, who wore white, with green wreaths, and carried yellow lilies: Lady Elizabeth Murray, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Miss Helen Skene, Lady Pamela Smith, and Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira

NOT only a good-looking couple, they are an interesting couple. Lady Patricia Moore has been noted for her intelligence since she was a small child. It was inevitable that one should speculate on whom she would eventually marry. As a flapper and a débutante, her brains disconcerted a large number of young men with modest achievements. She had a cool, disinterested way of arguing or asserting facts, and as cultured people of any age are rare, the weaker intellects fell abashed by the wayside.

SIR PAUL LATHAM, as an extremely good-looking rich bachelor, proved his good taste in a quiet way to his friends. His household was well run, his decorations charming, the contents of his book-case were worth while. He preferred clever friends, although, for a young man, he knew an unusual number of distinguished people.

I MUST just mention other items of the week. Racing at Newmarket, in very "garden party" frocks. Luncheon at Mrs. Corrigan's: Lady Cunard was there. The Camargo Ballet: the Queen in light blue. Tea-party at the Spanish Embassy: a hundred women guests. I hope "hen-parties" won't become fashionable.

Miss Sandra Gale and Miss Pearl Argyle, who is now dancing in Ballets of 1933, the latest series at the Savoy Theatre

Lady Dashwood, Mr. J. Maynard Keynes, the Chairman of the Society, whose wife, Lydia Lopokova, was one of the three stars of the evening, and Mr. John Drury-Lowe

Above: Lady Melchett and Lady Patricia Moore, who went to the first performance at Covent Garden with her fiancé. She and Sir Paul Latham were married two days later

Right: M. Constonlineso, of the Rumanian Embassy, Mme. Zeucceanu, Mme. Titulescu, and Colonel Nenisior were four of the distinguished foreigners in the brilliant cosmopolitan audience

Viscountess Charlemont and Miss de Renzi-Martin arriving at the Covent Garden Gala night in the right gala spirit

Left: Mr. Anthony Asquith and Lady Oxford and Asquith talking to the Maharajah of Kapurthala and his daughter

A Royal and International Night at Covent Garden

The Camargo Ballet Society Performs for the Delegates

Above : the Countess of Ypres, Mrs. FitzGerald Stanners, and Sir Alexander Bannerman talking during the interval on the first night, when the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York were present

Left : Sir Vincent Baddeley, K.C.B., the Deputy Secretary to the Admiralty, talking to Air-Commodore A. W. Bigsworth, D.S.O., C.M.G., who is at the Air Ministry, and Mrs. Bigsworth

Dr. D. Zannius, the Lithuanian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Mme. Zannius, Mme. Sidzikauskas, and M. Vaclovas Sidzikauskas, the Lithuanian Minister in London

Above : Mrs. Forrester-Agar and Mr. Skeffington Smyth were two more of the first-night audience. The two ballets performed by the Old Vic dancers were "Coppelia" and "Lac des Cygnes"

Left : Mr. Pei, one of the Chinese Delegates to the World Economic Conference, and his attractive wife, Mme. Pei, went to see what English ballet was like at the Royal Opera House

A Good Selection—

Miss Mary Collins is one of the most decorative of the occasional racegoers, and Lady Mount is likewise amongst the almost-regulars

—At the Summer Meetings—

The Duke of Marlborough is a race-horse owner, so he is a regular too; with him is Miss Rosemary Bainbridge

A Racing Reverie

A Revue; and a Royal Win By "Regular"

ARRANGEMENTS are now in full swing for my all-star Racing Revue. This will be the biggest thing of its kind ever staged in this country, and the Albert Hall looks like being filled to its capacity. One of the difficulties in seating my vast army of readers is that so few of them are on speaking terms, and the box-office officials are at their wits' end to keep the peace.

PROGRAMME.

1. Concerto in B Flat, by the Long-Sufferers Orchestra, comprised of Messrs. Fawcett, Bulteel, Wigney, Finlay, and Wilmot. Conductor: Mr. Sidney Beer.

(*This particular composition has proved too much for these gentlemen before now. This time they hope to have taken its measure.*)

2. "*Waiting Behind,*" a Comedy in many Acts. CAST: The Head-Waiter—H. Wragg; The Old Waiter—J. Childs; Two More Waiters—

—Of Regulars and Irregulars

Lady Carnarvon belongs to the first-named—her husband being a persistent, if unlucky, owner—and Mr. Sidney Beer used to be among the first and is now one of the second

F. Lane and R. Perryman; Yet Another Waiter—R. Jones.

3. "Stormy Weather," by the Savoy Follies Band.

4. "All the King's Horses and all the King's Men," by Brig.-Gen. Tomkinson, assisted by W. Jarvis and J. Childs.

5. An Exhibition of his Famous Back-hand Stroke, by Lord Carnarvon, as supplied for the benefit of Patmos.

6. "Tarpaulin Jacket" (violin solo), by Miss Dorothy Paget.

7. "*Mediæval Nights,*" a Satire, in which Gordon Richards sings a brother-jockey to sleep. The latter is awakened by a chorus of disgruntled punters, who want to make him Queen of the May.

8. "We Don't Want to Lose You, but We Think You Ought to Go," by the Stewards of the Jockey Club (Hunting Song).

"God Save the King."

IT was truly delightful to be back on the July course again. The July course is the one place where one can dress as one likes, and not put on some ridiculous clothes simply because everyone else is going to.

OLD gentlemen appear looking as if they were off to the nets, co-respondent's shoes are the order of the day, while that leader of fashion, Lord Glanely, invariably fairly lets himself go and sets our tongues a-wagging with some original creation.

TUESDAY will long be remembered by the fact that his Majesty won two races, and was only beaten a head for a third. Personally, I shall remember it even longer than most, as I never backed a winner all day, but that's neither here nor there. His Majesty was present, in a pale-grey bowler, and was naturally tremendously pleased at the success of his horses, and there was more cheering and excitement than I have ever seen in this tranquil spot, where, normally, everyone appears half-asleep and one's merest whisper seems to echo round the plantation.

I THINK perhaps a little lesson in etiquette would not be out of place at this juncture. When the King's horse passes the post, gentlemen raise their hats or their glasses, depending on where they happen to be watching the race from, and give vent to a slightly self-conscious cheer. I may say that after The Abbot had defeated Andrea, my hat felt heavier than ever before, but I got it off somehow, though my cheer had a very gin-and-Italian sound about it. Ladies, on the other hand, my dear Patricia, do not cheer, contenting themselves with dropping a slight curtsey in the way your dear mother has instructed you when you pass Lord Harewood, or other members of the Royal family.

IF the finish should happen to be a "tight" one, and by this I mean a close one, you should drop a further curtsey to the judge when he hoists the Royal number first in the frame. Judges do not lead very happy lives, and it is these little evidences of your appreciation, which, after all, cost you so very little, which make all the difference to them.

I HAVE not often seen two people look more pleased than the Aga and the Ali did after Michael Beary had pushed Alishah home in front of Haytime in the July Stakes, and so ended their run of atrocious luck. I wrote last week of Michael's loyalty, and we had further evidence of it this week. I hope he continues to ride for the Aga for many a long day.

WHEREAS on the Tuesday we basked in the sunshine, on the Wednesday we put our mackintoshes on again and cheered Gordon. Three in a row proved conclusively that, although he'd had a quiet time of late, he had not lost his confidence. The sooner you Regulars realise that Gordon is never out of form, the better it'll be for you.

MOST of us got a bit back, though not all of it, by any means. The handicapper had set us a rare puzzle in the Soham Stakes, and I envied Lord Weymouth. His wife told me he had stayed behind in the House to witness the match between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill. You could only back one loser there. I succeeded in backing three in one race at Newmarket.

I ALWAYS thought that Lady Evelyn Beauchamp was out on her own, the quickest mover among our Regulasses, but after the Stud Produce Stakes, in which Rich Fare beat Lord Derby's Fines Herbes by a short head, I'd like to match Mrs. Glorney against her over any distance. Two professional backers, a member of the Jockey Club and Uncle Regular, all went for six, and she was across the course to the unsaddling enclosure before we had picked ourselves up.

MOST of us hoped to do a bit of good for ourselves over Tommy Mac, which Lord Blandford has, of course, named after Tommy MacDougal; though what he's done with his Dougal no-one save Mr. Jimmy Rothschild can tell us. The human Tommy Mac has always gone a real good gallop, but the equine one was regrettably slow off the mark.

Left: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales intently watching the play between Runyan and Alliss in the Ryder Cup match. In his speech, presenting the Cup, H.R.H. said he found he was naturally impartial

Impartial!

Left: Senora Pons, Champion of Spain, beaten in the Singles at lawn tennis by Miss G. Harry, wearing the latest frock designed for the courts

Good-bye to All That . . .

Mr. Gold, of Naughton and Gold, playing for the Palladium against Gilson's Club, giving a superb exhibition of crazy golf. He not only got the ball out of the bunker, but the club too!

Cross and Backwell

Silhouettes of the Week

Looking After Father

Mr. Randolph Churchill, with filial solicitude, piloting his father from the stormy meeting on the Government's Indian policy held at the "Friends" House, Euston Road

No Smoke Without Fire

Mr. Baldwin soothing his nerves with the inevitable pipe after having had the National Government policy on India endorsed by the Central Council of the National Union of Unionist Associations by 838 votes to 356

Stars and Aces and Stripes

Mr. Ben Lyon, the film-star, who is a 'plane owner in America, and holds U.S. Army flying rank, sitting in a Gipsy Moth on the de Havilland aerodrome, and talking to Mr. James Raglan, who, besides playing in "While Parents Sleep," is secretary of the Stage and Screen Aero Club, at Hatfield

Miss Norma Shearer has a style of her own for playing a ball out of the rough. She is on holiday over here with her husband, Mr. Irving Thalberg, and was playing golf at Gleneagles when she made this shot

"So That's What I Do . . ."

Snap!

Sir Guy Domville, one of England's finest bridge players, and a member of the team that is meeting the American side, led by Mr. Ely Culbertson, in battle for the Charles M. Schwab Trophy, playing in a practice match last week

One Thing and Another

A Battle at New Zealand, Eng.

Major Le Roy Burnham and Miss Joyce Wethered were the two Captains in the Ladies v. Men golf match at the New Zealand Golf Club last week

At Peterborough

Above: Col. Brassey, and his daughter, Mrs. Hugh Peacock, walking round together at the Foxhound Show at Peterborough

Left: H.H. the Aga Khan talking to Sir Henry Wheeler at the reception held by Sir Akbar and Lady Hydari and the members of the Hyderabad Delegation at the Hyde Park Hotel

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches of "The Mocking Bird," at the St. Martin's Theatre, by Rouson

"Of course, you are all mad; quite, quite mad."

Mr. George Washington (Leon Quartermaine) gets in a Parthian shot as he is forcibly ejected from his temporary home

"The Mocking Bird"

PLAYS which keep on acting like chameleons impose a severe test of flexibility on the playgoer. The higher plane of criticism may be right when it insists on consistency, dramatic unity, and things like that. Leaving the academicals to their rules of thumb, we simpler fry can vouch for the difficulty of changing our mood, say, from farce to fantasy, all within the space of a ten-minutes' interval. It might help our powers of receptivity if the programme could give us a clue of what was coming, without impairing the element of surprise.

In the case of *The Mocking Bird*, by Lionel Hale (who wrote *She Passed Through Lorraine*), the comic country-house séance which was to produce a Mr. George Washington, purporting to be an escaped convict, from the wilds of Dartmoor, certainly gave us a hint. It might have been the cut of his stolen clothes, or the lack of cut about his hair, but Leon Quartermaine was either no ordinary convict, or no convict at all. Something eerie was brewing; it behoved us to look lively and prepare for shocks.

THESE came in Act 2, somewhat in the Priestley manner of *Dangerous Corner*. That is to say, under the hypnotic powers of George, the characters, one by one, laid bare their souls by confessional This was a bit awkward and not quite fair. We had laughed good and loud at their sallies, and got ourselves thoroughly in a mood for more country-house repartee. But, hey, presto! the well-drawn comic types we were hugging to our bosoms were comic and flippant no longer, but tragic and sinister. Garrulous Aunt Dora was a murderess; Uncle Paul from India, a thief; the pompous Sir Victor, the father of an illegitimate son; while the young lovers were nightly anticipating a lawful honeymoon.

George, having performed the confessional, passed on to the rough stuff with Mary (offer rejected), and then blackmail. Everybody then pressed the poor girl to marry the fellow to save their own skins, and things became tauter and more awkward, until the author chipped in with a surprise ending which let everybody out. It always does. But not before he had gone back on his grim, fantastic mood by soaking the reaction of the confessional in alcohol. The pompous Sir Victor being proved no better than themselves, Uncle George and Aunt Dora got gloriously squiffed on neat whisky. As a proposition, this was absurd, but, in the hands of Athole Stewart and Marda Vanne, well worth demonstrating. But why no soda? And why, in this house, no dinner, just because the parlourmaid had fled, her sins, thanks to George, having found her out?

Well, where are we? Nowhere in particular, I fancy, except at the end of a lively pastiche, sharp-edged for the keen palate. In spite of its too artificial trickery, the diversion holds together by virtue of crisp talk and dramatic awareness.

Leon Quartermaine, effectively obscure and dominant as the intruder, Athole Stewart and Marda Vanne make antic hay with well-cut parts. Archibald Batty's bewildered Vicar is gusty with laughter, and Nancy Hornsby pretty and promising; Louis Hayward and Ronald Ward do well as the young moderns. Jean Forbes-Robertson completes the brace of engaged couples, but is denied elbow-room to develop an aura of temperament around an unaccustomed wig. D. A. Clarke-Smith works wonders with the smuggest of incredible baronets.

"The Fantasticks"

THE arrival of Rostand at the Lyric, Hammersmith, arm in arm with Gyles Isham and Sir Nigel Playfair—"delicate dresses and verse that is gay"—is one of those delectable events which prove that there is a time and a place for everything. Neighbouring fathers feigning hostility; romantic children spell-bound in clandestine wooing; rape, with sedan chair, ballet, masked villains, resonant bravo and all; rhymed couplets, nicely re-translated by three poets, including one anonymous celebrity; delicious music by Maurice Besley; stylised romance laughing elegantly at itself . . . add to these delights the essence of Fragonard, Watteau, or whom you will (for Rostand's *Romanesques* belong by design to "any period you like, provided the costumes are pretty enough"), and you get an inkling of the porcelain airs and graces of this prettiest of conceits. TRINCULO.

Some of the company included in the denunciation uttered by George: The Vicar (Archibald Batty), Sir Victor (D. A. Clarke-Smith), Gerald (Ronald Ward), Aunt Dora (Marda Vanne), Jimmy (Louis Hayward), and Uncle Paul (Athole Stewart)

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Alderman Lt.-Col. J. D. Laurie
Just off to the Mansion House

THE Conference at South Kensington goes on, like everything else everywhere else, more or less, and members are interested or bored, depressed or cheerful about it, according to temperament, the direction of the wind, or their golf handicap. A broker suggested making a market in Conferences, but was told that that was no good—they were sellers only. Another suggestion that the Delegates should be invited to the House, was sharply vetoed by brokers who were afraid jobbers might get "conferencitis," and only talk their own book (as if they ever did anything else!) Apropos the ideas of Delegates on the invitations they received from the City Companies, one Delegate refused the Ironmongers' invitation on the grounds that it was rather a late hour for him to go carriage-driving: the word "Livery" had got him mixed up. On the other hand, the Grocers' dinner was well attended, the Delegates' English dictionary having led them to understand that "grocer" was something to do with food.

SIR STEPHEN KILLIK is a Past Master of a City Company—the Fanmakers. He is not much seen in the House now, but was spotted the other day, very smart in a grey hat, and as he is an Alderman and an ex-Sheriff, it was easy to guess where he was going. He is an authority on Argentine railway matters, vide his *Manual on Argentine Railways*, and he has also published in book form four lectures on the Stock Exchange and its procedure, a copy of which is being given by the Committee to anybody who writes for one.

COLONEL JOHN LAURIE is another Alderman who is a member of the Stock Exchange, and who is probably on his way to fill the office of the City's first magistrate, too. He is a brother of Lieut.-Colonel Percy Laurie, the Deputy Assistant Commissioner of Police. He's very popular in the House, and his friends like to sing the last two lines of "Ogo Pogo" to him as a sign of their hopeful anticipation of his future career.

(A) JUNE 12th: Hubert Smithers elected to the Committee;

(B) JUNE 19th: Announcement issued that the House is to be closed on Saturday mornings from July 15th to September 15th;

(C) SAME DAY: Scaffolding appeared in the dome over the gilt-edged market.

Fred Durlacher
A Double for Royalty

Interesting conclusions have been drawn from this concatenation of events. (A) and (B) brought Hubert Smithers a shower of congratulations on being a quick worker on behalf of those friends of his who DON'T LIKE Saturday opening. He even got telegrams about it. (B) and (C) seemed to some people to have a connection. Remembering the old days when the House used to be closed "for structural alterations," they have started the rumour that the scaffolding has been put up so that those people who DON'T LIKE Saturday closing can't say anything unpleasant. But, as one lucid thinker pointed out during the first week it was up, most of the opposition to Saturday closing comes from the far end of the House to the gilt-edged market, so why wasn't the scaffolding put up in the other dome? But it has been since then, so he was quite right.

ONE more theory about (C) is that the scaffolding was the result of a petition to the Committee that "Tarzan" should be provided with a playground. Supporters of this theory thought to make the playground more complete, and tied a long piece of string to a paper ball, threw it over a bit of the scaffolding, and then hauled up a banana, which hung in lonely benevolence from the dome for a short time.

TALKING of "Tarzan" reminds us of our list of Stock Exchange birds, beasts and fish, which has been awaiting publication. There is only one Bird in the House, but, on the other hand, there are a Partridge and four Woodcock, an Eagle and a Falcon, a Gull and a Gosling, a Heron and two Cranes, nine Martins, one Jay and one Daw. There are four Bulls, one Bullock and one Steer, two Buck and one Hart, two Hares and one Mole. A Seal, a Pike, a Herring (V.C.), and a Whiting complete the list. Except that two Robins, a Swann and a Crowe, a Crabb and a Lyon, a Wolff and four Woolfs, although pseudo, can't be left out altogether.

A DRAWING of King Feisal of Iraq which appeared in a newspaper the other day, made him look so amazingly like Fred Durlacher, and the likeness caused so much comment in the House, that "Jonk" felt himself compelled to draw Fred Durlacher. So his picture appears herewith for the benefit of those who only know the King.

"Tarzan"
Happy at Last

Delirious Dialogues: No. 19. C. B. Cochran and Harold Larwood

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

C. B. C.: *You seem to have come into the limelight lately, Mr. Larwood. My natural flair for box-office values prompts me to suggest a cricket scene in my next production demonstrating this new style of bowling you have adopted. What do you say?*

Larwood: *A good idea, that, Mr. Cochran. How should I set the field? Would you have a "fine leg"?*

C. B. C.: *A fine leg! My dear boy, we'll have dozens of them. Haven't you ever seen my shows?*

Larwood: *Do you know anything about this "leg theory" and "body-line"?*

C. B. C.: *Do I know anything! Why, I'm one of the world's greatest authorities. Surely you've heard of my Young Ladies.*

Larwood: *Well, supposing I send up a ball, and the batsman has his eye on the "slips" and "glances to leg."*

C. B. C.: *That would not be permitted. All my Young Ladies are most strictly brought up and are very particular. The audience can see as much of their legs as they wish—they pay my prices, which are the highest in town—but we don't allow any Peeping Toms on the stage.*

Larwood: *You misunderstand me. Supposing the batsman is "out for a duck."*

C. B. C.: *Well, he would have to look for her elsewhere.*

Larwood: *Very well. I could start off by "bowling a maiden over."*

C. B. C.: *I am afraid behaviour like that could not be tolerated, Mr. Larwood. You seem unable to appreciate the high moral tone of my productions, and I think it is useless to discuss the matter further. Good-afternoon.*

Lenare

The Countess of Willingdon

Wife of the Earl of Willingdon, Viceroy of India, who, on her visit to England, deserts land and water, for she finds flying the better way

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

MEMBERS of Parliament are very symptomatic of the age. They take all the jam and leave the pill. Every privilege that they are entitled to and which they can employ they do, but their responsibilities, other than those they find it absolutely impossible to evade, they ignore. No one denies them the innocent pleasure of having the traffic stopped in Parliament Square (though some of them might walk faster instead of slower when that happens); no one denies them the invitations which, if they were not M.P.s, they would never receive. But, in return, the general public does ask that occasionally they shall go beyond what is strictly their duty as representatives of the people, and use their status for something more than personal advancement or lucrative advertisement.

A MEMBER of Parliament is not in the same position as an ordinary citizen. He cannot expect to enjoy the prestige of the House one moment and the licence of a private individual the next. Even his conversation should be guided by circumspection.

I AM quite certain that Dr. Douglas Cooke would be the last to imagine that any action of his could be called indiscreet, but the mere fact that some nights ago, in a public place, he became an object of interest and discussion, shows how hard the lot of a Member of Parliament can be.

THE back-benchers are not doing much to make the World Conference Delegates feel at home. To all intents and purposes they have entirely neglected them. This is yet another charge to be put against Mr. Ormsby-Gore's account.

MR. ORMSBY-GORE is in charge of the hospitality arrangements for the Conference. The fiasco of the City Companies' dinners is something that should have shaken his reputation to its foundations. The First Commissioner of Works has emerged from his background very little during his eighteen months of office. When he has, he must have regretted it later.

Now it would have been so easy for him to have arranged that the Delegates were boarded out at week-ends in some of the smaller country houses of England. They are our noblest heritage, our loveliest possession. Besides, wouldn't Captain Victor Cazalet, for instance, have thrilled to entertain some great man from overseas? Wouldn't everyone have been happy? Lady Astor should have been put in charge of the Delegates' amusement section. She seems to know how to show our country off. An American, she doesn't suffer from an inferiority complex

NO ONE who sees him outside the House would believe that Captain Dixey is stricken with that complaint. But I think he must be, for what else can explain his absence from debate? Not long ago I was told he was the "Big Noise." Paragraphs were written about him (fairly successful); pictures were published of him (not so successful). Now he has disappeared. Is he devoting himself to the club in Piccadilly in which he is interested; or is he trying to find himself another seat? I believe, myself, the Empire Crusade Campaign straddled him; for he has never been the same since.

MR. ERNEST BROWN, the Minister for Mines, who was in action last week, is undoubtedly one of the successes of this Government, and if the National Coalition had done nothing else it would be to its credit that it gave Mr. Brown his chance. He is popular with everyone in the House—no mean feat for a Minister of Mines. It is worth watching him at Question Time; compare his methods with those of Mr. Duff Cooper—the comparison is obvious.

MR. BOOTHBY was in excellent form on the Third Reading of the Finance Bill. What a good speaker he can be. I don't know how deep his pessimism, his disappointment and his bitterness go. I hope not too deep; assuredly his chance must come soon. His association with Mr. Churchill is probably the reason for his being overlooked. Mr. Bracken, Mr. Churchill's principal lieutenant, who is nowadays almost permanently silent, finds other means than speech for expressing his full-blooded views.

The Prime Minister

A lightning sketch from life by Knoth, the German artist, at the World's Economic Conference

PARLIAMENT has about another three weeks before it rises for the summer holidays, but with little to occupy their minds, Members are already concerned with where they shall spend August and September. The meaningless debates, when the Chamber seldom has more than a dozen Members in it, which are the present order of the day, bring no credit on the Commons, though they may provide the Lords with the reason for a quiet smile. They at least arrange their time-table in some relation to the work they have to do, and the hours they have to do it in.

Claude Harris

Miss Phœbe Orr-Ewing

Miss Phœbe Orr-Ewing is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Orr-Ewing; she was presented at the first Court in May. Mrs. Orr-Ewing and Lady Wheeler are giving a small joint dance on July 10th for their daughters, at 31, Cadogan Square

Yevonde

Miss Joscelyne Verney

Miss Joscelyne Verney is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir Ralph and Lady Verney, and went to one of this season's Courts. Lady Verney gave a dance for her ten days ago in Ennismore Gardens. Her father, Sir Ralph Verney, is the Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and a cousin of Sir Harry Verney, Private Secretary to the Queen

Debs of 1933

Elwin Neame

Miss Patricia Ingram-Musson

Another of this year's débutantes is Miss Patricia Ingram-Musson, who is the daughter of Brigadier A. Ingram-Musson, and Mrs. Musson. Her parents have an attractive house down at Virginia Water

Hay Wrightson

Miss Anne Brudenell-Bruce

Left: Miss Anne Brudenell-Bruce is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Robert Hanbury Brudenell-Bruce, D.S.O., by his first wife, who died in 1922. She is eighteen, and has a ten-year-old half-brother. Her father is a connection of the Earl of Ailesbury

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Lord George Scott, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, the Hon. Henry Allsopp, and the Hon. Nancy Allsopp dining at the Pavilion Club at Datchet

Swaebe

"Riverside Nights"—Last Week's Selection

HOT-POT

DID the Delegates enjoy the City dinners?

* * *

DOES Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt., like his wife to be addressed as "My Lady"?

* * *

CHARITY—
Mrs. Baldwin pleading daily;
Lady Plunkett dancing gaily.
Lady Baron gives a lot;
Others most of what they've got.
Charity can be quite pleasant
When the Prince of Wales is present.

* * *

BACK into circulation—
The Marquess de Casa Maury.
Captain Gordon Munro.

* * *

IS a lovely Peeress really going to do it this time? Patches are seldom permanent.

* * *

WILL a much-courted Countess marry the young Lord?

* * *

DID Lord Fitzwilliam enjoy Le Touquet?

* * *

IS John de Forest annoyed by his golf reports?

* * *

A RICH gentleman from overseas is somewhat embarrassed by his wife's public tears.

* * *

DOES Gertie Lawrence crochet her own country bérets?

* * *

SHOULD Alicia Browne wear organdie?

* * *

A FAMOUS political hostess with eligible daughters has hopes of a very eligible Marquess.

An after-lunch, just-off-Piccadilly photograph of Miss "Baby" Jungman, the younger of Mrs. Richard Guinness's two attractive daughters, and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, one of Mayfair's favourite authors

HOW does Lady Jowitt like being trampled on?

* * *

DO we see much or hear much of Mrs. Quintin Hogg?

* * *

WHERE are Mr. and Mrs. John Amery?

* * *

IS the date fixed for Baroness Ravensdale's marriage?

* * *

A CERTAIN gentleman has begging letters—to take his wife away.

* * *

WE wonder if the Duchess of Westminster finds it an intellectual strain to be very great friends with the Sitwells?

DOES Miss Audrey Warren Pearl enjoy her débutante "write-ups"?

* * *

IS a fair once-diplomatic having yet another fleeting flit?

* * *

A WITTY writer is a little sad, but she is well out of it—he was difficult and not kind.

* * *

DOES Lord Dudley believe in curses?

* * *

A RICH lady from Spain who pays us periodical visits is wise and witty: she will not be patronised.

* * *

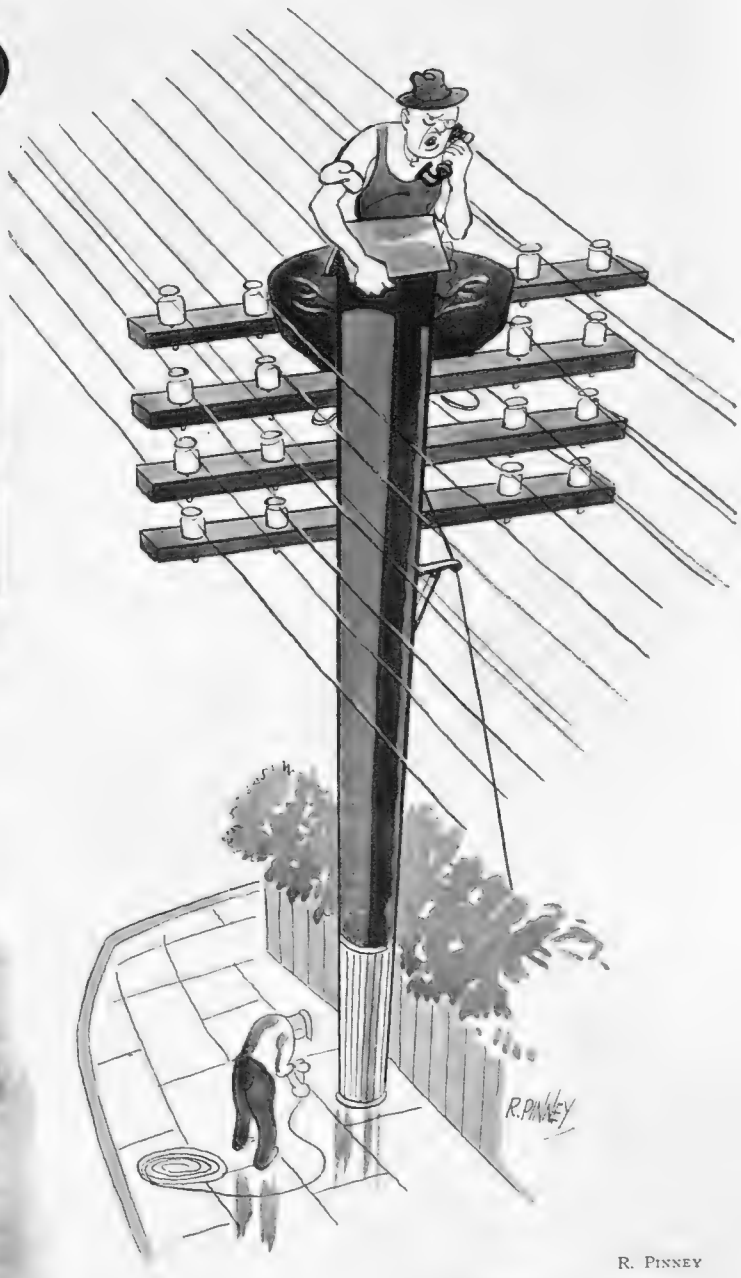
A SEMI-ANNOUNCED engagement with a titled bride seems to be on again. Why?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LAUGH

Drawings by
Hereward, Walter Goetz, and R. Pinney

HEREWARD

"Indeed, Ma'am, a magnificent animal"



R. PINNEY

"I've told you about standing on that chair to answer the 'phone, young Albert"

GOETZ

"Binkie is my bestest friend"

Left: New Style—

A scene from "Doss House," the Sound City film, which has been running at the Empire—a plain, realistic picture of types and incidents in a doss-house, linked together by a somewhat coincidental story, and with an all-male cast

Below: Old Style—

"Peg o' My Heart" now completes its round of "handing the sugar" by appearing as an M.G.M. talkie at the Empire, with Marion Davies as Peg, directed by Robert Z. Leonard, whose last picture was "Strange Interval"

The Passing Picture Show

Themes—Ancient and Modern

By Sydney Tremayne

MARY PICKFORD and Marion Davies have been criticised for their choice of film subjects in what amounts to an attempted "come-back" for both actresses. *Secrets* and *Peg o' My Heart* were stage successes in their day. Mary Pickford was "the world's sweetheart" when she played little-girl parts, mixtures of tom-foolery and sentiment. Marion Davies has a mysterious reputation as a comedienne, only once truthfully justified—in *The Politic Flapper*. The plays they have chosen are vieux jeux, and, if honesty defeats chivalry, so are the actresses in question. It is not that they are old or unattractive; simply, their particular genre has ceased to appeal.

Mary Pickford is not versatile: virtually, she played only one rôle throughout the years of her great popularity, and although, at the age of forty, she has wisely decided to "grow up," the early parts of *Secrets*, when her rôle is that of an impetuous girl, are infinitely more successful than the later sequences, when she has to portray a mature woman. It is useless to criticise her choice of pictures. There are no more pictures for Mary Pickford, and she is only plucking the leaves from her own laurels by trying to convert herself and her public. She would have a better chance under another name.

Peg o' My Heart was always pretty awfully sentimental, and the moment at which that mistress of bathos, Laurette Taylor, "put it over" is past. Savouries are more popular than sweets to-day. Mr. Sydney Carroll has quite justifiably attacked the barbarity and brutality of films like *Zoo in Budapest*. He wrote: "Why should film-directors be allowed to put our civilisation back to the days of the Ancient Romans and the Coliseum, when beasts fought publicly for the crowd's amusement?" I am in agreement with him, but I think the moment's temper is in tune with violence rather than violets. The very titles of some of the most successful pictures indicate their character—*Hell's Angels*, *Hell's Divers*, and now we are to see Robert Montgomery in a submarine picture called *Hell Below*.

THE best picture I have seen this week is all about aerial warfare and is called *The Eagle and the Hawk*, with Fredric March, Cary Grant, and Jack Oakie in the chief parts. It contains glaring anachronisms (it is supposed to deal with the English Air Force), and does not end in time. That is the difference between the American and English film industry. The English never know when to begin, and the Americans do not know how to end.

But *The Eagle and the Hawk* not only contains some exceptionally fine photography and thrilling incident, it is really impressive anti-war propaganda, because its "story" is based on the psychology of the characters and these are magnificently acted. It is truly horrible to see men laughing triumphantly when they shoot down enemy 'planes, without thought of the hideous death of their pilots, but we know this was a fact of war. Then there was the question of nerves gradually "cracking" and the resort to alcohol.

FREDRIC MARCH plays the part of the brilliantly successful pilot, an American who joins the Flying Corps for the sport of the thing, whose nerves give way, and who is unable to support the fact that five of his observers have been killed in two months and that the famous German ace he brought down was a mere boy. March has always been a sound actor, in some danger of losing his reputation to his good looks and becoming one of those classified "screen lovers," but in *The Eagle and the Hawk* he surpasses all his previous performances and shows a real sense of character.

JACK OAKIE, with what I should call naturalistic comedy material at his disposal, becomes a real comedian and gets a laugh every time he speaks. Some of his lines sail near to a wind closely related to flatulence, and some are so simple that their comicality lies only in their context and his art.

CARY GRANT has a subtle and laconic rôle and does rather more than he has done before. He has to convey a streak of nastiness in his character and animosity towards the hero gradually converted, without any of that "buddy" claptrap, to sympathy. Facially unattractive, his long-fingered, sensitive hands explain something of his capacity for getting inside the skins of parts he plays.

It is almost incredible, but there are no amorous blondes at flying headquarters in this war picture. There is an interlude when Young (Fredric March) is on leave in England, but this is kept well within bounds.

When Jerry Young leaves the "binge" given in his honour and goes back to his quarters, "drunk as an owl—completely blotto," as the Major says, March has a few seconds of silent acting which are magnificent. One sees the revolver. One hears the shot as his ex-enemy (Cary Grant), the only man who understands his state and anticipates tragedy, follows him. Young's body is crouched over the bed of the last observer killed in his 'plane, his face against the bare wires stripped of the mattress . . . That should be the end of the picture. Unhappily, it is not.

THIS kind of intentional realism is preferable to the sentimental vapourings of blonde sweethearts expounded in demised tradition. The painstaking realism of *Doss-House*, Sound City's unusual picture shown at the Empire, is more acceptable. At the moment, I believe the market is open to frankly realistic films—about gangsters, prisons, exploits in the air or under the sea—or, alternatively, farce and musical comedy.

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson and Mr. Eric Saville cheerfully met the camera face to face while they were dancing

Mr. John Hibbert and Miss Patty Bevis found a window seat whereon to spend the between-dance interval

The stairs, that sitting-out "omnibus" at every dance, occupied for the moment by Mr. B. C. Haldane and Miss Rosemary Villiers, Dr Gordon Heggs and Miss Georgie Henschel, and Mrs. Ruth Salmon and Mr. Samuel Salmon

Dancing till Dawn

Mrs. George Cohen's Party for Her Daughter

Above: a supper-party at the dance, which includes Miss Peggy Salmon, Mr. R. Llewellyn, Miss Primrose Salt, Miss Oulie Anputel, Dr. F. Taylor, and Miss Marie Symons-Jeune

Above: Mr. Marcus Steddall, Mrs. Robert Van den Bergh, Mr. Robert Van den Bergh, Mrs. Edward Blackley, Miss A. Blackley, and Mr. Edward Blackley photographed in the Square Gardens

Right: another party in the dining-room of Mrs. Cohen's house in Hyde Park Gardens: Mr. H. Anderson, Miss Pamela Levy, Mrs. Reginald Coke, Mr. Eric Mortimer, Miss Bertha Dawkins

Miss Lucy Cohen, Mrs. George Cohen's daughter, for whom the party was given, dancing with Mr. Norman Hulbert

Photographs by Swaebe

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

Miss Brown and Miss Brown

These sisters, aged sixteen and seventeen, are the leaders in the chorus in Ronald Frankau's Concert Party at Eastbourne. Pupils of the Maclaren School of Dancing, they are seen above practising their steps in sylvan surroundings

JUAN-LES-PINS.

A WET day is just a wet day, whether the rain happens to fall in Stockport or in Samarcand. Of the seventeen days we have spent already in this palmy suburb, two have been completely rainy, and five spoiled by the mistral, that warm, wild wind that sets the nerves on edge and, if we are to believe E. Phillips Oppenheim, is actually accepted in Provençal courts of law as a justification for murder! Some years ago, in mid-July, we passed a rainy Sunday in Cracow, loveliest of the Polish cities. The view from our hotel doorway, along one of the most ancient streets in Europe, reminded us irresistibly of Croydon on a wet Sunday; all of which goes to prove, if it goes to prove anything, that a wet day is just a wet day, whether the rain happens to fall in Croydon or Cracow. The supporters of the Côte d'Azur have given up the old pretence that their coast is always azure. (There was a time when the Continental editions of English newspapers never dared mention the fact that it was raining on the Riviera, for fear of estranging the hotels and casinos that advertised in their columns.) A wet day in Blackpool is better fun than a wet day in Juan-les-Pins; there you can at least look at the rude peep-shows in the Winter Garden, whereas here there is nothing to do but play boule or make love—both total losses.

MENTION of E. Phillips Oppenheim recalls the fact that the maestro has recently completed his 138th novel; has acquired a yacht, too, and wears such an intensely briny yachtsman's cap that shy strangers address him involuntarily as "Commodore." He still lives on the fringe of the Nice golf course at Cagnes-sur-Mer, that stuffy old mediæval town that has been immensely improved by the intrusion of two shrieking cocktail bars! The Cagnes course now remains open all summer through; is the first Riviera course to do so. Oppenheim, in the intervals of writing, yachting and baccarat, has devised a gruelling variation of Corinthian Bagatelle. Bagatellomanes may care to try it. Top niche, above the fives, counts one thousand; two thousand if you score it first ball. Right-hand bottom niche nets five hundred (thousand if first time). The three holes below the fifties score minus. First round of the game is played with twenty balls, second with ten, third with five. Cards are then dealt and the highest is allowed two free balls, after which all players can buy extra balls at a franc a ball up to twenty. The game is difficult and exhausting, and the maestro always wins.

WE had a long tangled-up talk the other day with Herr Manfred Siegel. The Herr is one of Germany's most insensate nudists; travels to and fro, trying to persuade embarrassed foreigners to tear their clothes off too. Siegel, who stands about five feet four, has a high, querulous voice and, if we are any judge, must look pretty haggard undressed. He began life as the son of a butcher in Gumbinnen; later spent three years of the war in a Siberian prison camp where, largely owing to the fact that his clothes fell off him, he first felt the urge to strip. Sunshine he maintains, saved his reason in prison; put him in touch with the Geist of Nature. Nudism, according to Siegel, is going to lead the world back to sanity; at the moment, it seems, we are all too prepossessed with superficialities to be sane, bow down before such trivia as fur coats, silk hats, gold watches and old-school ties, not to mention orbs, sceptres, truncheons and mayoral chains, whereas, in a world of nudists, only real men will emerge; physical perfection, backed by mental fitness, will be the sole insignia of rank. Always nosey, we posed Herr Siegel one or two questions. Were new recruits to nudism, we asked, embarrassed by their first

POPULAR PLAYGROUNDS

No. 4.—Southend-on-Sea

BIARRITZ requires a lot of cash;
It's not cheap on the Lido,
And if you want to cut a dash
You certainly will need "dough";
But if you haven't much to spend,
You can't do better than Southend.

The yachting folk at Cowes don't care
For paddling when the tide's low;
Each other's hats they seldom wear
Or on the donkeys ride slow;
But if they're wishful to unbend,
Why, then I recommend Southend.

Oh! there's lots of fun for everyone
At Southend-by-the-Sea,
When young and old, and shy and bold,
Are out upon the spree.
They laugh and shout and lark about
Just as merry as they can be
When they're down at naughty old,
Far-from-haughty-old
"Sort-o'-makes-you-feel-gay-and-sporty" old
Southend-by-the-Sea. *B. W.*

contact with the cult? Very few, was the reply; about four per cent. try to wrap themselves in leaves, while two per cent. get thrown out for "ondue excitation." We asked the Herr, too, what his wife thought of things. He confessed that Frau Siegel, while perfectly happy attending nudist jamborees, always wears clothes herself.

An American correspondent has sent us the following cutting from the Question and Answer Department of a New York Sunday paper. "Dear ———. My eldest sister, who's married in Brooklyn, says love's the bunk. Is this so, please?" We have always wondered what sort of people are engaged to offer advice of the "No, Alice, if your admirer takes your closest girl-friend to the dance at the Town Hall without telling you, he is unmanly and no use to you" order. A friend of ours, now married to a famous artist, had a shot at it when she was seventeen and a new recruit to Fleet Street. She was half-way through the first week's mail, when the editor sent in to have her taken off the assignment on the grounds that it was "no kind of job to give a decent young girl." Dorothy Dix (not, of course, our own actress) is America's most distinguished help-meet, while over this side Viola Tree ranks as doyenne of the "let me help you" profession.

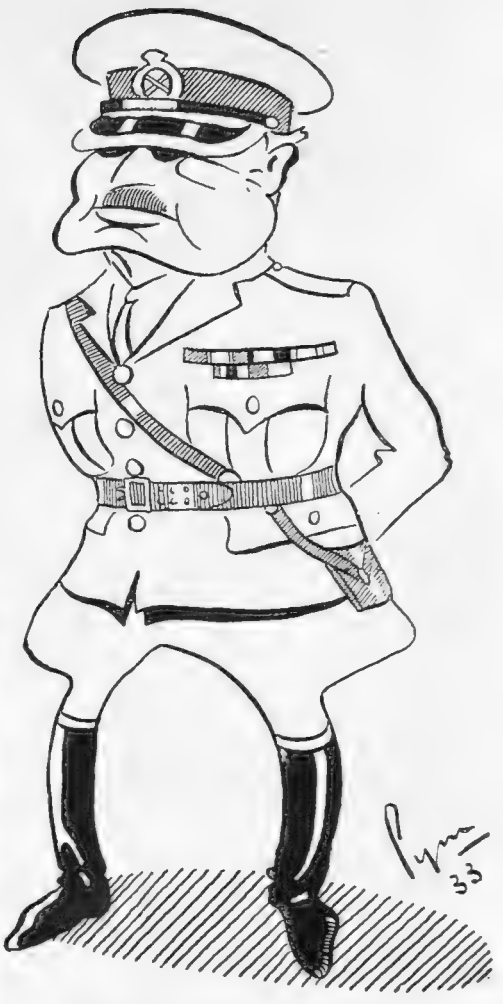
A small stir has been caused in Riviera tennis circles by the arrival of two young men with foreign names, blanket coats and a whole heap of rackets. Newcomers spread it around that they were Baron X. and Doctor Y., representatives of Lichtenstein in the Davis Cup competition. Full of tennis talk, they showed a marked unwillingness to appear on the courts. When at last they did play, and were beaten 6-2, 6-0 by a club pair, eyebrows went soaring. The "Lichtensteiners" weren't the least abashed though. "Our country," explained Baron X., "is so small that we cannot practise properly. If we make a swift return, the ball goes over the frontier and we have to pay a heavy import duty before we can get it back!" Doctor Y. then admitted the deception, explained that he and his friend were an Englishman and an American who had staged their "act" in order to score off local tennis snobs.

There is one man at least who is deaf to the call of summer. His name is Julian Wylie. For him summer is not the sweet season of dewy dawns, of long days stolen from the heart of a sapphire, of evenings haunted by nightingales, but merely the time when he starts preparing his productions for the autumn. All the hot days through, he sits in his office, hearing music, playing with model "sets," and so on. Wylie is one of the last of the Showmen; belongs to the days when the theatre was not yet an outcrop of Society. Asked lately to define a "showman," he replied, "A man whose business it is to get two thousand people cheering and who doesn't care whether he does it with Shakespeare or performing apes." Wylie, who began his stage career as a manipulator of marionettes, has the appearance of a Chinese philosopher; sits very still for hours with hands folded, eyes very narrow and sleepy behind prodigious horn spectacles; smokes a hookah, too, though maybe that's more Ottoman than Chinese. Like a true showman he lives for his job; thinks theatre, talks theatre, breathes theatre, dreams it at nights. The showman's job, he says, is more difficult these days because the public is glutted with entertainment and therefore less receptive and easily entertained. Thirty years ago the average middle-class family visited the theatre perhaps once a month. The visit was an event; the family was out to enjoy itself at all costs. To-day, with radio, cinema, sport, people are being entertained for many hours each week—so that an evening at the theatre has lost much of its original glamour. Wylie blames the theatre for estranging a large section of its audience. Trivial subtlety and pretentious artiness have driven away people who came once upon a time to laugh and cry.

A scene on the deck of the Red Star s.s. Lapland, which has returned from "The Bystander" cruise to Teneriffe, Las Palmas, and the Azores. Deck games are a popular feature of cruises, and deck tennis, as seen above, is much indulged in

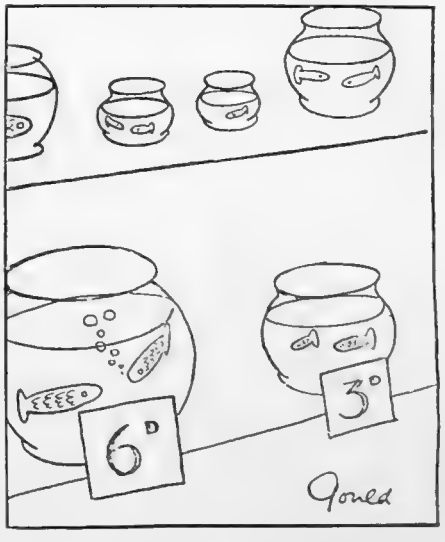
Kay and Foley

A picture of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slater, of Southport, with their infant son. Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Slater was Miss Victoria Wormell, daughter of Mr. H. J. Wormell, Managing Director of Messrs. Rylands and Sons, Ltd., of London and Manchester



Aldershot Personalities—No. 1

Major-General A. E. W. ("Jakes") Harman, C.B., D.S.O., Commander 1st Division



Our Nature Study Department

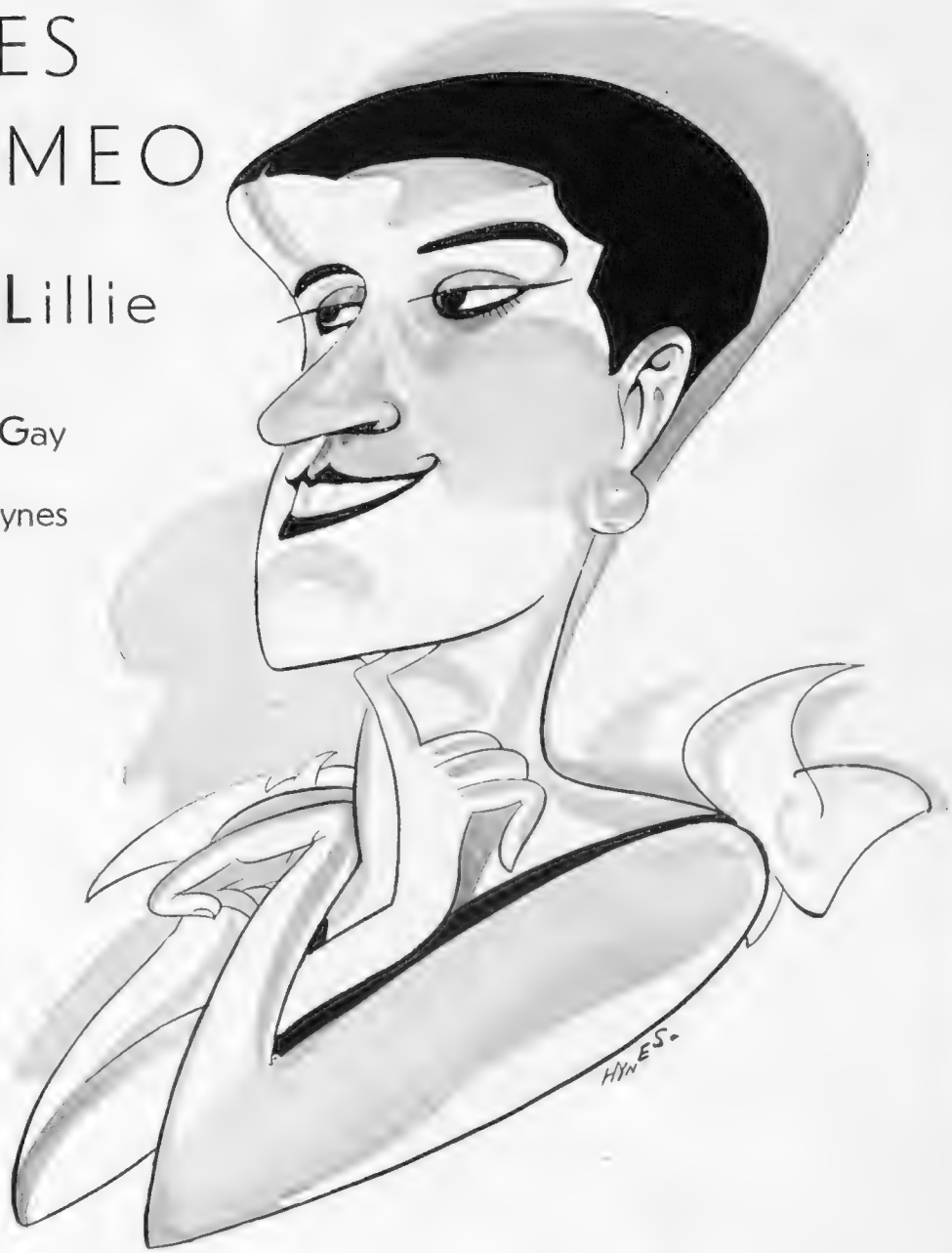
"John! Turn the other way. She's a cheap little thing, anyway"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 5 Beatrice Lillie

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes



He was a lift-man, with a walrus moustache, at an old-fashioned hotel, and asked humbly whether Bea could get him two seats for himself and his niece to see her show. Next day, he was sniggering happily but silently. Bea's mother asked what ailed him. "Coo! Isn't her Ladyship a nib?" he asked rhetorically. Rhetorically because rhetorical questions need no answer. Her Ladyship is a nib. Bea, the incomparable Bea, was born in Toronto, Canada. She has a married sister called Muriel, a mother who lives in London, a father who lives in Ireland, a husband who lives in the country, and a son who is at school in Norfolk. In Canada she was a child performer ("Pretty bad, I guess"), turning from Irish to Dutch or Italian impersonations at the drop of a shoe-lace. Then she went on a concert-party tour and was stranded at Cobalt Came to London and gave auditions. Everyone said: "Thanks very much; we'll write." After a time, Bea tired of this and joined her mother and sister in London. More auditions ("I Hear You Calling Me"). Finally, there was an André Charlot audition at the Alhambra. "I'll have some fun," said Bea, tieing up her plaits and trying to look grown-up. Went hay-wire. Had a lot of fun and was given a three years' contract. Fainted dead away. Then was told that Charlot was ill and had to do it all in cold blood. Not so funny. But got the contract. Played in *5064 Gerrard*. In 1921 was playing in *Bran Pie*. An enormous bunch of orchids (pardon the word, no less) arrived. So large that Bea decided to meet him. Bobbie Peel. They married. Bea left the stage. Went to Monte Carlo. Went to New York (for the first time). Stayed a month. Thought she'd give Ziegfeld an audition. He couldn't see her. Came back to England and had the baby. When Bobby was nine months old, played with Hawtrey in *Up in Mabel's Room*. An amazingly long run of five weeks. Then *Charlot Revue* and New York again with Gertrude Lawrence. Opened in the "provinces." Didn't unpack the trunks first night, so sure it would be a "flop." Ran a year in Broadway and eight months on the road. Bernard Shaw's *Too True To Be Good*. Might have been written specially for her. Everyone thought she'd written in the lines herself. Not true. In the last act she had to sit still for three-quarters of an hour. "The best acting I ever did." About young Bobby. When he was six he went to church on Easter Sunday. Bea said, "You know what Easter is?" Young Bobby gave the right answer. "And what is Good Friday?" By this time Bobby was standing on his head in the nursery. He paused a moment. "Well, Robinson Crusoe had a friend." Bea's whole life is spent now in getting him autographs, but none of actors and actresses. He thinks nothing of them. The West Indies team? Fine. The secretary of the M.C.C. took Bea round the pavilion the other day. "Would you like to see the Ashes, Lady Peel?" "The Ashes? Good heavens, who's dead?"

The incomparable Bea. She has had more stuff stolen from her by other comediennes than would fill a preface by Bernard Shaw. "Most discoveries are made every fifteen years"; she quoted it the other day. Bea is an awful ice-box girl. At home she loves to go into the kitchen and eat cold food at all hours of the night. She never eats luncheon. She was the first to wear the Eton crop. She will also be the last. The crowds at the Monseigneur adore her. She tears down the roof at the Café de Paris. The Embassy is in mourning because they couldn't get her. She looks like a beautiful Eton boy. She has an adorable nose, and her husband ("the Baronet") is six-foot-six. Isn't her Ladyship a nib?

Two new portraits of Mr. Quintin Gilbey's attractive wife and six-weeks-old son, who has been given the names Anthony James. Mrs. Quintin Gilbey was formerly Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, and before her marriage to Mr. John Drury-Lowe in 1930 was Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere; she is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hope-Vere. The Gilbeys have just moved into a house down at Churt, in Surrey

A Young Regular and His Mother

Mrs. Quintin Gilbey and Anthony James

Lenare

Left: Betty Frankiss, the singer and dancer, who is appearing in "After Dark," at the Vaudeville Theatre, a revue which starts there, with Nelson Keys as the "big noise," on July 6th

Cannons

A Play About Players

Fay Compton, as the not very young actress, with Ivor Novello, her much younger husband, in "Proscenium," at the Globe Theatre, a play which has its tragic moments, in which the actress does more than justice to the part. The comedy scenes are excellent

Left: Dr. Walter Lessing (Horace Hodges), the music teacher, leaving the theatre with his daughter, Sieglinde (Eve Lister), after being told that they are failures, in "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's Theatre

Sasha

Exeunt the Amateurs

Our Most Mutual Entertainment"

aried Scenes from London Shows

Below: Tilly Losch, the famous dancer, in the ballet "Errante," included in the programme of "Les Ballets 1933," at the Savoy Theatre. Right: Tamara Toumanova and Roman Jasinsky, in "Mozartiana," another ballet included in the same programme

Terpsichore Triumphant

Walter Bird

Gina Malo, the film-star and actress, who is playing a too small comedy part in "Give Me a Ring," at the London Hippodrome, where Evelyn Laye, Will Fyffe, and Flanagan and Allen also figure in the cast

Swaebe

AN ANGLO-IRISH QUARTETTE AT GREAT FOSTERS

Viscount and Viscountess Milton and Mr. and Mrs. David Plunket

Lord Milton, who is Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam's eldest son, and Lady Milton were married about two months ago; their wedding, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, was a big Dublin event. Lady Milton was Miss Olive Plunket, and is the younger daughter of the Most Rev. the Hon. Benjamin and Mrs. Plunket, and a cousin of Lord Plunket. Mr. David Plunket, who is her brother, married Miss Sybil Archer in 1930; they live at Ayesha Castle, Co. Dublin, and have a son, Simon John, who was born last year

Music and all That . . .

The "Duke's" Hot Music.—Salzburg.—The Royal Philharmonic's Winter Programme

By "Melos"

Miss Clare Evelyn, Mme. Guy d'Hardelot, Baroness de Busch, Miss Eva Turner, and Mr. Ormond Blythe were five of the guests at the complimentary dinner given in honour of Mme. Adeline Genée at Grosvenor House

Mme. Adeline Genée (Mrs. Frank Isitt) listening to Sir Landon Ronald making his speech at the dinner given in her honour

DUKE ELLINGTON and his band have come and gone. On one point they deserve congratulation; no coloured jazz-band—indeed, no jazz-band of any hue, with the possible exception of that of Paul Whiteman—has ever created such a stir in London.

That may be due partly to skilled publicity and partly to the fact that no other band has created such a row. On the night I heard them, at a private party, the din was deafening and the trumpets blared loudly enough to awaken an Egyptian mummy. "The boys got a bit out of hand," Duke Ellington explained to me later.

It is only fair to add that I heard them that same week in quieter mood at the Palladium.

UNDOUBTEDLY the band is, of its type, a good one, and Duke Ellington himself, a modest man, is obviously a clever musician in his way. But a vast amount of punk has been talked and written about the subtle wonders of the sounds made by this and other bands.

"Hot" music leaves me cold, not because I am in any way prejudiced against it, but because it is (i) weak in thematic material, and therefore monotonous, and (ii) because its tricks of orchestration are so obviously tricks and nothing else. As an accompaniment for dancing it is, because of its rhythmic perfection, ideal. As material for a serious concert, eked out with high-falutin' explanations, of how this music is "the heart throb of an oppressed people," it is woefully deficient.

Negro spirituals have said all there is to be said in this "oppressed people" business. And these spirituals were exploited and made into a masterpiece, not by a coloured musician, but by the son of a Czech butcher—Anton Dvorak, whose "New World" Symphony will last through the ages, whereas the ditties of a dance band, however ducal, are inevitably ephemeral. I doubt if they will ever be anything else.

LONDON, meanwhile, with no opera, no symphony concerts, and Mr. Ellington departed, is falling back mainly on ballet. There are, of course, the Aeolus Concerts, where the atmosphere is, both socially and musically, somewhat rarefied.

The last one, held in the Duke of Marlborough's house, with Beecham and candles as joint illuminators, was a vast success. The clientèle is almost exactly that of the ballet seasons; and if it is found that there has been enough of it to support ballet at Covent Garden, the Aldwych, the Savoy, and the Alhambra simultaneously, so much the better.

THE enthusiasm of people who have a certain amount of money, and who move in what 1933 deems exclusive circles, for all that is best in music is an encouraging sign; for without such tangible support music would be in a bad way. This set attends the opera and the ballet, and has in recent years taken to attending the Queen's Hall, too; for this last, Sir Thomas Beecham and his immediate supporters can take the credit.

It is customary to dismiss such patronage as merely a fashionable craze. I believe it to be perfectly genuine. Few people, however socially ambitious, would sit through long operas and symphonies if they were bored by them.

But the notion that true musical appreciation is the monopoly of those who can only afford the cheapest seats is a long time a-dying. It is an instance of inverted snobbery in a form peculiarly nauseating.

MOST of our music-lovers who can run to the fare and the hotel bills, will be attending the Salzburg Festival at the end of the month. This will not be mainly Mozart, though there will be some of him.

Very un-Mozartian is Richard Strauss's opera, *The Egyptian Helen*, in spite of the enthusiasm of the composer, who will conduct, for all that appertains to Mozart. This opera is, by the way, the only one in existence with a part written for a mussel. But it will not be sung by one. Dr. Bruno Walter (who had a little dust-up with Hitler) is also among the conductors.

APART from the "Proms" and rumours of an Early Autumn opera season, all London has to look forward to is the next series of concerts to be given by the venerable Royal Philharmonic Society, which, founded in 1813, has survived Waterloo, the Crimea, the Great War, the vanishing of the gold standard, and the coming of jazz.

Eighteen concerts are to be given, according to the prospectus which I have just received. The majority of them are to be conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, which is good news, with Mr. Albert Coates, Dr. Adrian Boult, Herr Robert Heger, who was such a success at Covent Garden last month, Dr. Walter, and M. Pierre Monteux to relieve him occasionally.

THE London Philharmonic Orchestra is now a superb body of players and can bear comparison with the Berlin Philharmonic, which is entirely German, and the New York Philharmonic, which is not entirely American.

Handel's *Messiah* and the *Stabat Mater* of Dvorak are among the choral works down for performance. Also Dame Ethel Smyth's *The Prison*, and Berlioz's *Te Deum*, which, in my humble opinion, might be spelt "Tedium" with greater accuracy.

Wimbledon Prelude

Internationals at Roehampton

Above: Dr. Prenn, Frau Prenn, Mme. Mathieu, M. Landau, and M. Grandguillot, representatives of Germany and France in the lawn tennis world assembled here

Above: Count A. Bawarowski (Poland), Senora Pons (Champion of Spain), and Mrs. Dyson, who is not dressed for the fray

Below: Germany and Elsewhere: G. von Cramm, R. Lund, E. Nourney, and Miss E. M. von Ende seen at Roehampton

Left: "Quite English you know," Miss Freda James, Miss "Billy" Yorke, Miss Mary Heeley, some of our young hopes, and H. G. N. Lee, one of England's three "seeded" players

Belgium to the fore: Mr. M. Stanford, Mme. Lacroix, Mlle. Sigart, winner of the Women's Doubles in partnership with Mlle. Metaxa at Wimbledon, 1932, M. de Borman, and Mlle. Rollin Couquerque

"Bunny" Austin, one of England's hopes, in his inevitable "shorts," with his wife, whose professional name is Phyllis Konstam

A horribly wet Saturday afternoon confined play to under an hour on the first day, during which 43 runs were scored by C. F. Walters and Sutcliffe. The latter is seen above batting to the fast bowling of Martindale

England v. West Indies, at Lord's

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The 'Varsity Match Chances

NEXT Monday, all being well, the 'Varsity Match begins at Lord's. I say all being well, because the opening day of the Test Match between England and the West Indies is still a recent and unpleasant memory.

What a depressing day that was! Everything was set for a grand game, and then those clouds must needs blow up from the south-east, bringing with them rain and a devilish murkiness which made even Lord's seem dingy and unwashed. It was tantalising, too, for C. F. Walters began as if he was going to justify our hopes of him, and there was a prospect of runs coming thick and fast.

WELL, well, we mustn't grumble—a philosophical phrase which always irritates me exceedingly. I certainly shall grumble mightily if the weather plays us false again on Monday, for the 'Varsity match this year does promise to be extremely interesting. Last summer, you 'll remember, it fizzled out rather sadly, and produced some indifferent and exasperating cricket. First there was the mammoth Cambridge total of 431—never before had Oxford had so many runs scored against them at Lord's—and then, helped by dropped catches at critical moments and a grand innings of 167 by R. W. Hone, Oxford managed to stave off defeat and secure an uninspiring draw.

INCIDENTALLY, Fate has a peculiar grudge against Oxford: for seven years in succession now Cambridge have won the toss, and I hope Hone has consulted the appropriate necromancers in order that he may avoid a repetition of this evil chance. If we may assume, entirely without reason, that by the nebulous law of averages the luck is bound to change, and if we go farther, and take it that Hone decides to bat upon a normal wicket, I fancy Cambridge are in for a somewhat sticky time. There is no doubt that Oxford have an unusually strong batting side. Hone himself, at his best, is somewhere near the representative Australian standard; Owen-Smith is an outstanding match-winner; Melville is a class player; Chalk is the most improved batsman in either team; and Walker and Townsend are an uncommonly useful opening pair. What is more, unless the pitch plays tricks or the occasion upsets nerves, I have an idea that the Cambridge attack has been over-rated.

FARNES is a goodish bowler, it is true, and a great deal will depend upon his activities before the shine is off the ball. If Walker and Townsend can tame him, however, they have little else to fear. Jehangir Khan is tireless, and keeps a length with admirable steadiness, but he is one of those up-and-down bowlers, it seems to me, who are more likely to play a class batsman in than get him out. The rest—Cawston, Grant, Human, Lawrence and Davies—may take wickets, or they may not; they are, at any rate, hardly the kind of bowlers who may be expected to run through a strong batting side.

Let us suppose, then, that the Oxford batsmen live up to their reputations, and begin the match with a comfortably large score. How are Cambridge likely to reply? This is a difficult question, for although the Cambridge batting does not, on paper, appear so formidable as Oxford's, they have one or two players who are quite capable of collaring the Oxford attack. Their soundest batsmen are D. R. Wilcox and B. O. Allen, and they have potential century-makers in A. W. Allen, A. S. Lawrence, R. de W. K. Winlaw, J. G. W. Davies and J. H. Human, most likeable of cricketers. Human is one of those admirable players who may at any time turn the fortunes of a match; he makes the strokes and goes for the runs, and it is pleasant to see him get them. Oxford supporters, at any rate, will do well to restrain their optimism, should they have cause for any, until Human is safely back in the pavilion.

THIS Cambridge batting clearly has possibilities, and my only criticism is that it strikes me as being a little uncertain. It may come off or it may quite easily collapse, and I think it is fair to suggest that Oxford give us the impression that they are less liable to unexpected disasters.

But what of the Oxford attack? Here again is a pretty problem. There has lately been a dearth of fast bowlers at Oxford, a dearth which is still apparent, though R. G. Tindall is decidedly above the average. Those who back Oxford will watch Tindall's opening overs with some anxiety, and they will find that he is something more than a straight up-and-down merchant. He has life off the ground, and he can make the ball do a bit either way, so that a quick Cambridge wicket or two is by no means improbable. The rest of the Oxford bowling lacks pace, though it has variety. There is Barlow, for example, who depends upon variations in flight and spin, the type of bowler who does not expect to beat the batsman, but relies, rather, upon tempting him into indiscretions. Then there is Owen-Smith, with his leg-breaks and occasional wrong-'uns, and on his day Owen-Smith can be devastating. He can also be horribly expensive, which is doubtless an encouraging thought for Cambridge. Melville is another leg-spinner, and this year he is bowling well and making the ball bite into the turf properly—he may easily be the most destructive of the Oxford bowlers.

ON the whole, though, this is not a really impressive Oxford attack, and a great deal will depend upon the general cohesion of the Oxford team, which, during the term, was never at anything like full strength. Owen-Smith, Melville and Oldfield were tied down to examinations, Hone did not play regularly, and only on tour was the side given a real chance of fitting together.

But there, this weighing-up of possibilities is a risky business, and never more risky than when the 'Varsity match is in the balance. Previous form so often goes for nothing; the best players are overwhelmed by the importance of the occasion, and the upshot of it all is that I dare do no more than affirm that an Oxford victory would not altogether take me by surprise.

J. H. Human, who scored a century in each innings against Surrey, and followed this up with 61 against Essex. A fine all-rounder, he is a mainstay of the Cambridge team

Miss E. M. Delafield

the novelist, whose keen sense of humour and depiction of character delight her many readers. In private life she is Mrs. Dashwood. Her husband is a son of Sir George Dashwood

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Miss Waddell's Great Novel

IT is very seldom indeed that hardened book-reviewers find themselves in the position of Bernard Shaw's champion swearer, who was once confronted with such a castastrophe that he simply observed, "I cannot find words to do justice to the situation." Reviewers are the most confident of creatures, and are prepared to pose at a moment's notice as experts upon any subject under and, indeed, including, the stars. But there are occasions when a certain diffidence attacks members even of this brazen class, and I am face to face with one of those occasions, having just finished reading Miss Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a re-telling of that old and lovely story of the twelfth-century teacher in the schools on the Ile de France, and how he lodged on the banks of the Seine with an aged canon of the Church of Notre Dame, and fell in love with the exquisite Heloise, the niece of the canon. It is one of the three great love-stories of those early Middle Ages that have come down to us, with Dante and his Beatrice, and Petrarch and his Laura. It is a tale that is bound up for ever with all that is lovely and golden about France, with the poetry of Ronsard, and the Troubadours, and the Cathedral at Chartres, and the vineyards of Burgundy, and the long, sweeping cornfields of La Beauce that are almost like the tumbling rollers of the ocean itself.

Miss Waddell has taken this story and made a novel out of it, as others have done before, and it is at this point that words do not come easily to describe what sort of a novel she has made of it. So it is best to borrow words. Her Peter Abelard is like Shakespeare's Cleopatra, it is Fire and Air. It has Immortal Longings in it. It is "as sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle," and yet it is compact with splendour and passion and tragedy. There has been nothing to compare with it since Conrad died. Conrad also knew the gift of painting High Tragedy with a sombre glow of beauty, and creating immortal souls and watching them struggle vainly against the grotesque caprices of Fate and Chance. The Irony of Human Endeavour is the old Greek idea. A madman may live to be a hundred while a mosquito-bite may kill an Einstein or a Newton. And so with Miss Waddell's Abelard. But in Conrad, in Miss Waddell, in the old Greeks, there is always the intense feeling that there is something sublime about the Humanity that goes on Endeavouring, even though it knows that a mosquito is waiting for it round the corner. Miss Waddell is not only a great novelist. She is a poet who passes easily, backwards and forwards, from lovely prose to lovely poetry. On every page there is a phrase or a line to remember, or a song to be repeated. *Peter Abelard* is incomparably the greatest novel I have read since the *Arrow of Gold* and *Rescue*.

MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, in *Out and About* (Murray; 10*s.* 6*d.*), prattles along amiably about his life as a journalist, and has a few amusing anecdotes about Lord Northcliffe, Edward Gosse, and one or two other people. But, considering what a lot of time Mr. Marshall seems to have spent in Fleet Street, and the number of Personalities which he must have encountered there, his haul of fish is very small compared with the size of the net. At Cambridge he knew J. K. Stephens, but has preserved no epigram of that brilliant and wayward man; when he came to Fleet Street he met Massingham and Chesterton and Belloc, but has nothing new to tell us about them or their work, or the battles they were fighting in those days.

Mr. Marshall worked for the *Daily Mail* later on, and has not even left a vivid picture of Alfred Harmsworth, and he was a vivid character if ever there was one. It is all very odd, for Mr. Marshall is an experienced and successful novelist, and, somehow, one had expected better of him than this.

The Hon. Patrick Balfour

as depicted by the caricaturist, Tony Wysard. His book, "Society Racket," has just been published

BOOKS by Elinor Glyn, by William Le Queux, and by Mrs. Alice Williamson, all in one week! How it takes one back to the dear old days of tiger-skin divans, and Polish countesses, and Lightning Conductors, when queer, sinister flashes of mirth illuminated suave countenances, when lean, lithe, bronzed chauffeurs turned out to be sons of Peers, and when many a crumpled gardenia was pressed to reverent lips in the lounges of the Riviera's larger hotels.

IT is sad to have to read that the spirit of the age has somehow grabbed the late Mr. Le Queux, and that *The White God* (Eldon; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is in the modern style of clues and Scotland Yard, and not in his own lovely style of stolen treaties and too-amorous Ambassadors, and spies with soft, white bosoms.

MISS GLYN is truer to herself in *Saint or Satyr* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and she ladles out the chunks of oozy romance with all the old abandon of suburbia. But all can be forgiven to one who dares in 1933 to go back over the years and write, "A difficult filly, he admitted, but, by gad! She'd never take a lover."

AND the third of this trinity, Mrs. Williamson. Is there any single one of the post-war generation who can remember the partnership, "A. M. and C. N. Williamson," and the prodigious sales which their pleasant and harmless tales used to command? And if the sales were, perhaps, mostly below-stairs, there was nothing to be despised in that. The Williamsons set out to give enjoyment, just as Ian Hay did later on, by "good, wholesome stuff," and many an honest heart has been given a thrilling flutter beneath a housemaid's apron by the thought that the lean, bronzed footman might be a Duke's son in disguise.

MRS. WILLIAMSON, in *The Lightning Conductor Comes Back* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*), combines romance and Baedekerism in the Southern counties, just as she and "C. N." used to do. Dear me! How it takes one back! Glyn, Le Queux, and the Conductor in one week. Come on, Miss Dell. Art thou sleeping there below?

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

Yevonde

THE HON. SHEILA BERRY accentuates her dark good looks by a dress of black crêpe-de-Chine and a high-crowned hat completed by a nose-length veil. White for country wear is illustrated by a whi e duck suit by Chanel which has a double-breasted coat and a small white béret tipped over the eyes

F. J. Gutmann

IN the photograph above, Mrs. R. W. Crawford wears a Mainbocher evening gown which is boldly striped in red, yellow, white and black. The stripes are used diagonally and it is cut on close-fitting slender lines, but has an immensely full skirt. This model may be obtained from Woollands, amongst whose original models is a simple black romain evening gown worn with a short cape of mauve and white Tartan taffeta edged with a frill and tied with a bow in front

Chanel

THE vogue for white, particularly in cotton materials, persists and every ball-room is filled with Pavlova-like figures clad in fluttering white frills. Organdie, both of cotton and of silk, net, plain and spotted, tulle, muslin, piqué, linen—all are popular, only the conventional materials for evening wear, chiffon and satin, are conspicuous by their absence. The photograph above shows one of Chanel's midsummer evening gowns of embroidered muslin, a charming medium for a young girl's frock. This one has a high neckline and draped sleeves, and a sash of the material is tied at the waist

King's Cup Day at Hatfield : By Capt. C. E. Ward

The youngest passenger to Egypt—an Alsatian puppy with his owner, Mr. B. W. Figgins, who piloted one of the two D.H. Dragon air-liners to Egypt for Misr Airwork's service between Cairo and Alexandria

Miss Sylvia Warliker, who obtained a Commercial Pilot's licence on her nineteenth birthday, had to wait several months after qualifying to reach the age at which such a licence is granted. She was trained by British Air Transport, the well-known Flying School and air taxi organisation with headquarters at Croydon Airport

John Tranum, holder of the world's record for a delayed parachute drop from 21,000 feet, standing on the wing of an Avro before an ascent to give a demonstration at one of the Heston meetings

Forty Machines in Famous Race

An excellent field of well-known pilots, amateur and professional, will fly on Saturday next in the race for the King's Cup. Three previous winners, Captain W. L. Hope, who won in 1927, 1928 and again last year with a Fox Moth, Flight-Lieut. E. C. T. Edwards, who was first on a Bluebird in 1931, and Captain H. S. Broad, with a Moth, in 1926, are amongst the competitors, their machines this year being a Gipsy Swift, entered by Mr. S. A. Sadler, a Gipsy Swift by Viscountess Hardinge, and a Dragon by Lord Wakefield respectively. Air Vice-Marshal Borton is piloting his own Gull, with a Napier Javelin engine, which type seems a likely winner, there being three other entries, one by Sir Philip Sassoon, another by Lieut.-Commander Leake, with the designer, Captain E. W. Percival, at the controls, and one by Prince George, to be flown by Flight-Lieut. J. G. D. Armour. The eliminating heats commence at 8 a.m., the first four machines in each heat qualifying for the finals, which will start about 2 p.m. In addition to the King's Cup presented by his Majesty, Lord Wakefield of Hythe has given £500 to be divided between the first three and the fastest machines in each round.

Parachute Service

An innovation amongst service facilities for the King's Cup Race is that instituted by the Irving Air Chute Company, when, for the first time, their ground engineers will be in attendance at Hatfield to help competitors and visiting pilots. Free instruction will be given in the maintenance of Irvin equipment on both Friday and Saturday, July 7th and 8th. In a report which received much prominence a few weeks ago of Mr. John Tranum's delayed action drop of 21,000 feet, several observers omitted to mention that he trusted his life to an Irvin Chute. It could be taken for granted, of course, that a professional parachutist would use the finest equipment obtainable, but now that air lifebelts are being used by many civilian pilots as well as the Services, a name is of some importance.

All the World at Hendon

For the second time since the Display was inaugurated immediately after the war, the weather was bad, but the spectators were treated to an exhibition of flying skill which must have been without parallel. More than one hundred thousand people who paid for admission to Hendon saw the Royal Air Force, at home in every sense of the word, doing their stuff in conditions of low clouds and rain so appalling that the neighbouring heights bordering the aerodrome were often hidden from view. Two Hawker "Furies" flying wing-tip to wing-tip at more than three miles a minute—a whole squadron looping and rolling in formation—an inverted loop on an Avro which commenced at 50 feet—these are some examples of the R.A.F. on duty in drizzling rain. Our Air Force may be small in numbers, but it can put up a show which could be equalled nowhere in the world. Perhaps the traditional bad weather of England accounts for such efficiency. Most certainly a pilot who flies over here, day in and day out, for a year, should be able to fly anywhere. On the Monday following the Display, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors had their Trade Show, which was attended by representatives from all the nations present in London for the Economic Conference. Some forty machines, both military and civil, were demonstrated by the constructors' test pilots, and after lunch the machines were inspected at close quarters, whilst many potential buyers made passenger flights. This type of outdoor exhibition is undoubtedly the best form of advertisement for aircraft, because machines are seen in their natural surroundings, and visual comparison between performances of different types can be made. Machines of special interest this year included a new Vickers Supermarine amphibian with a Pegasus engine, very fast and amazingly light on the controls, and the Monospar, with a neat retractable undercarriage. A Leopard Moth appeared over the aerodrome, but did not land. It looks fast and has decidedly good lines.

Give Your Letters Wings

"Time Flies—but so does the Air Mail" is the slogan adopted by the General Post Office for a campaign to popularise air services carrying the Royal Mail. Just how much it is worth to the individual to save a matter of days or weeks on the delivery time for letters sent abroad must be a personal matter in each case, but anyone with an appreciable amount of foreign business should be in possession of Air Mail timetables, which can be obtained from most post offices. Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, brought himself up to date last week by making his first flight. An Imperial Airways liner of the "Atalanta" type took him over London on a particularly rough afternoon, and he was heard to congratulate the pilot on the skill with which he dodged the thunderstorms. The whole of the fleet of Armstrong-Whitworth monoplanes have been delivered to Imperial Airways, the last one leaving for India this week, to ply between Calcutta and Karachi. Major Brackley, who is surveying the route to Sydney and Melbourne, has reached Australia, where he will make a tour of the principal cities.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

In Praise of the Champion

I AM turning my attention solely to Michael Scott's great triumph in the Amateur this week. I do this, and omit reference to the Ryder Cup match, because the Open Championship is also upon us, and the Open Championship, although amateurs do compete for it and occasionally, very occasionally, achieve great victories, is still the professionals' own championship. We can, therefore, discuss at adequate length the professionals' achievements in next week's issue, and perhaps we shall do them proud and talk about them for two weeks running.

To revert to Michael Scott. As I write these words, I find them particularly apt, for Selection Committees must now of necessity revert to Michael Scott. He has won the highest honour which it is possible for an amateur to win, and not only has he won it at the age of fifty-five—nearer to the end of a golfing life than anyone else has been when successful—but also some considerable time has elapsed since last he was considered good enough by Selection Committees, not merely for England, but for Great Britain, in our Walker Cup side. I have heard it said by those who should know, that Michael Scott should never have been dropped from any of our International sides. I have had personal experience of playing a foursome with Michael, and it remains fresh in my memory as being one of my most delightful. It is perfectly true to say that he made me play some two or three strokes better than I had ever believed myself capable of doing. It is equally true to say of him, as General Critchley has said to me of Lionel Munn, that when partnering him in a foursome, and after playing a bad shot, Michael Scott managed to persuade me that only an extraordinarily good golfer could have played that bad shot. This is a genius which is born in a man; and it is obvious how useful it is in a foursome. Michael may be fifty-five, but he does not look it, and I am quite sure he doesn't feel it, and on a golf-course to call him a veteran is to be a lunatic. He is still probably the greatest iron player amongst amateur or any other golfers in this country. His is the ability to turn the normal three shots near the green into two. We have lately, during this inferiority complex which we uphold so dearly in relation to our American friends and opponents, considered that only an American was capable of this achievement. The fact remains, however, that we have several golfers over here who do just this thing, and Michael Scott is certainly one of them.

I WOULD like to stress one point: his defeated opponent in the Final was Dale Bourn, and Dale Bourn is not only a very popular young man, but a very fine golfer, and a particularly fine fighter against odds, as his two finals in the English and the Amateur this year have amply proved.

(Continued on page 44)

The Winner

Above: G. Dunlap, the very popular American invader, who was tipped by many to win the Amateur Championship, beaten by the Hon. Michael Scott in the semi-final round

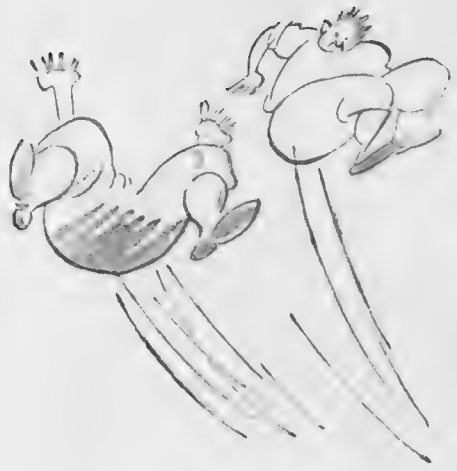
Left: the Hon. Michael Scott, with the Championship Cup which takes such a lot of winning

Bourn the Giant-Killer

Dale Bourn, who effected something of a surprise by beating Cyril Tolley at the 20th in one of the semi-finals. Both have represented Oxford University at golf

Lending a Hand

T. F. Ellison (ex-Champion) walking with Dr. Tweddle (ex-Champion), the latter of whom acted as referee in the Scott-Dunlap match



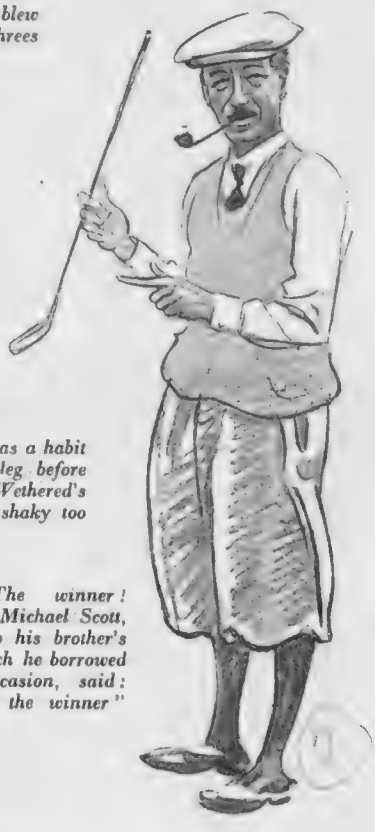
Left: Ivor Thomas, a left-hander, put out some of the big stuff

Right: George T. Dunlap testing the wind at the lake during the deluge

"Bill" Stout blasting the rough

Edward Kyle, playing inspired golf, blew up Jack McLean with a string of threes

Left: Sam Robinson has a habit of shaking his right leg before playing, and R. H. Wethered's short game was very shaky too



Right: The winner! The Hon. Michael Scott, pointing to his brother's putter, which he borrowed for the occasion, said: "This is the winner"

H. Hilliard's Hoylake 1933

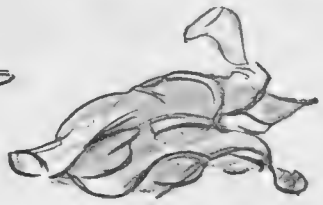
Hoy, Hoylake! Our Irrepressible Artist's Jottings

Below: "Silent Sandy" Somerville simmering in the sunshine, and J. Walker, on the right, starting to stake his stance

Above: How to do it! H. L. Holden putting

Above: David Brown having more than a spot of bother with his grips on Wednesday afternoon

Right: R. H. Hardman waiting for his opponent to drive off



Some Problem! Playing against Dale Bourn, Cyril Tolley's ball disappeared under a mackintosh left on the ground by a careless lady

Here we have Guy Farrar, Chairman of Green Committee; Major Forbes Bell, Secretary; Jim Pegram, Captain of Hoylake; and C. V. Wall, Hon. Treasurer, trying to discover the correct pronunciation in all the splendour of the grandee—Luis I. Arana E. Ybarra, who may be observed looking out of the page, on the right

Henry Howell found he had to go out rather early

By H. H. HARRIS

from a Sketch Book at the Amateur Championship

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

The British and French Engagement; and a Social One

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I AM just on my way down to St. George's Hill to try and form some advance opinion on the British and French teams, who are busy practising there for the great International Match, and only wish this letter could be written to you after seeing it. However, in the meantime I have gleaned that our team's non-playing Captain, Mrs. Philip Hodson, is very pleased with them (incidentally, I have no doubt they are very pleased with her), that they have been allowed a reasonable amount of freedom, such as going out to dinner, and at least one afternoon when they were all allowed to do just exactly as they pleased. Mrs. Hodson seems particularly and wisely to have concentrated on the Foursomes part of the business. No captain can make it a certainty that her team shall hit every shot in the middle of every club, but she can at least arrange partnerships so that players are happy together, and know something of each other's game. Accordingly, Mrs. Hodson has not wasted time in trying every possible combination of the eight players: she has put those together who are content to be so paired, and then has told them to get on with it by a judicious amount of practice in partnership. That seems a sensible way of tackling the problem, and if only the critics will hold their tongues and not let forth a shower of abuse—usually beginning with "I *should* have thought"—then we may quite hope that by the time this page is in print Great Britain will have another successful match against France to her credit.

AT the moment, the most interesting piece of news is the engagement of Miss Isabel Worsley (who holds the Northern Championship) to Mr. Charles Ratcliffe Brotherton, of Kirkham Abbey, York. Miss Worsley is one of the many players who first stepped into the golfing world via *Eve* Foursomes. Rather a shy entry it was, with a long handicap, at Starbeck, in 1924. How she has since won Northern Foursomes, with Miss Rudgard, and last year carried off the Northern Championship, does not need re-telling to you. She has done good work in the Yorkshire team, and for the Parliamentary. In fact, it was a very redoubtable deed the other day to beat Lady Astor soundly when the Commons played the Lords at Walton Heath. In actual matches that whole result was a halved match, but as the rules, rather curiously, ordain that in the event of a tie, holes up or down shall count, the Commons won by a considerable number. That really was only just, for one of the Lords' wins was a walk-over, whereon arose a pretty problem of how many holes does a walk-over count? The answer of 10 was, no doubt, sense, but hardly probability. It is a little difficult to feel that any Lords lady would beat her Commons lady 10 and 8, but no doubt it had to be so assumed.

THAT is a digression from Miss Worsley. I feel as if I know Mr. Brotherton's name, and that probably he is a great sportsman in some field or another. Games and sport run in the Worsley blood, for one of the brothers has captained Yorkshire at cricket, and the sister is a well-known racing motorist. Miss Isabel Worsley's exploits in a car may not have included record-breaking, or even attempts at it, but I rather remember some gallant journey, under very adverse circumstances of both weight and age, for a poor little car that staggered back to Yorkshire from last year's English Championship. Yorkshire must feel very delighted that Miss Worsley has strengthened her connection with that county.

Llandrindod Wells Golf Club Championship

The Hon. Ursula Vivian receiving the Sprague Cup, the Ladies' Club Cup, from W. Spencer Miles, Captain of the Men's Club. The winner was taken to the twentieth hole by the holder, Mrs. Gwilym Davies, in the final

French and English Golfers Clash

Mme. A. M. Vagliano, Captain of the French team, gets a line on the ball at the ninth when practising for the fourth Women's International at St. George's Hill, Weybridge. At the back are (L. to R.) Mlle. Monique Borel de Kinekelin, Mme. Tollon, Mlle. Monique Fay, and a fair spectator not included in the team

IF you are wanting a really nice holiday with delightful mixed golf, do be sure and go to Southerndown for the Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes Tournament on July 22nd, 23rd and 24th. If you win that event you can think of yourself as a couple tuning-up to win at Worplesdon, but even without that supreme excitement you will find plenty of good opponents and spend a few days that you will not readily forget.

Southerndown is one of the courses over which I am apt to grow lyrical and long-winded. Other visitors do the same. Inhabitants argue over the respective charms and merits of Southerndown and Porthcawl, its neighbour of seven miles away, where the Open is to be played next spring. That, by the way, is a notion. One might go and play in those Southerndown Mixed Foursomes and, incidentally, take a look at Porthcawl before coming back again.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

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BECAUSE...

it is *NOT* subjected to wood contact by being kept in casks to secure a lower rate of duty and extra profit.

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its high medicinal values are not impaired and it is free from all colouring matter and sediment. There are no impurities to "come through" and spoil your cocktail or long drink.

A 'LANCET' REPORT IS ON EVERY BOTTLE

If you value your Health –

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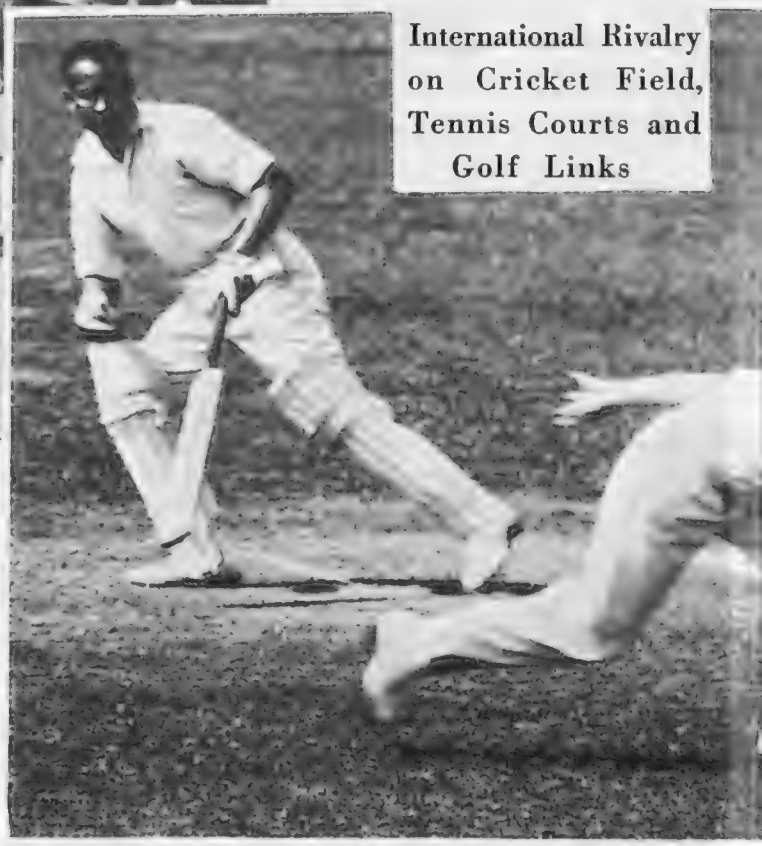
Left: Miss M. C. Scriven, winner of the French Championship, playing against her doubles partner, Mlle. Sigart on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. She won 7-5, 7-5

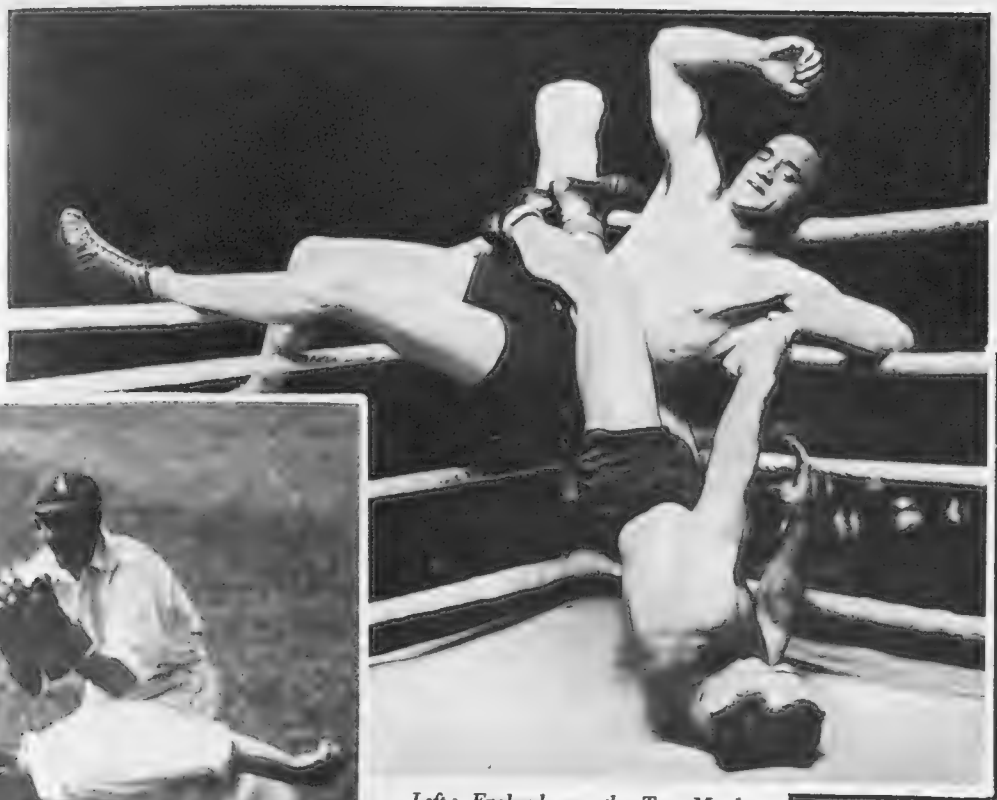
What a Week . . . !

International Rivalry on Cricket Field, Tennis Courts and Golf Links



L. R. Stoefen, a newcomer from America, who appeared consumed with nerves in his first match on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. He recovered just in time not to lose two sets to E. R. Avory, whom he finally defeated by 2-6, 10-8, 6-4, 8-6

Great Britain won the Ryder Cup by a putt on the eighteenth green which gave her professional victory by 6½ matches to 5½ over the Americans, at Southport. The picture above shows Percy Alliss (G.B.) playing a bad lie to the tenth, when partnering C. A. Whitcombe against Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen in the Foursomes



Left: Putting wrestling on the mat! Benny Sherman, with the pet name in the wrestling world of the "Alaskan Wild Cat," seen on the ground holding an opponent in the "scissors grip," when in training for his coming bout with Atholl Oakeley, the Heavyweight Champion of Britain, who does not appear to possess a pet name

Left: England won the Test Match at Lord's against the West Indies by an innings and 27. The photograph shows E. Achong, in the West Indies' second innings, putting up a ball off Macaulay's bowling rather dangerously among the many leg-trap fieldsmen. Achong scored 10 in this innings and 15 in the first

Above: Mlle. Sigart, the Belgian player, whose volleying power makes her even more dangerous in a double than a single. She has represented her country against France and Australia, and is Number 1 in the Belgian ranking list. In addition to winning the Women's Doubles last year at Wimbledon with Mlle. Metaxa, she has won the Mixed Doubles Championship of Belgium with J. Borotra, and, partnered by her father, the Prix de Famille, at Monte Carlo

Left: Walter Hagen and A. J. Lacey walking to the second green during the Ryder Cup Singles at Southport. The Stewards carried flags on the ends of poles to help control the crowd of thousands who followed a desperately contested series of matches. Hagen beat Lacey in this particular match by two and one. An invaluable lead of one in the Foursomes play gave England the Cup since the Singles were equally divided at four all

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

A Spot of Fun at Wimbledon

H. K. Lester, the old Cambridge Blue, as he appeared in the Championships. Sock suspenders, though looking somewhat inartistic, might have added to comfort

I DON'T wish to waste your time by commenting on past events, though a word of congratulation to Michael Scott upon his splendid victory in the Amateur Golf Championship would not be out of place, and a word of sympathy to the West Indians on running up against such a hot England side at Lord's may be permitted.

Still, these affairs have passed into the ephemeral history of sport, and there is only one thing I would like to recall among recent sporting events—the resolution passed by the Rugby Union to deal with the problem of the player-writer.

With the terms of this resolution I 'm not concerned—fortunately, it is clear, definite and logical, as far as it goes. It prevents those who hold responsible positions in the Rugby world from exploiting their names for gain in the newspapers, and it is obviously right that this should be so. There are loop-holes in the resolution, naturally, and I 'm afraid it will never be possible to prevent those who are determined to exploit their prowess at any game from doing so. The point is that it is good to find the Rugby Union setting their faces against such unsavoury exploitation—and those members of the Committee to whom I 've spoken recently have shown me that their thoughts have been influenced by recent events in the cricket world.

A-Perry-tiff for South Africa

N. G. Farquharson, of South Africa, who provided the first sensation of the Championships Meeting by unexpectedly beating F. J. Perry in a five-set match. He was beaten by Menzel in the next round

J. A. P. Martin (6) and Major T. Bouch leaving the first tee at Prince's, Sandwich, in the Bath Club Golf Handicap, which was won by the former, who beat Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley (plus 1) in the final by 4 and 3

THEY don't like to see these cricketers coming out with sensational articles about the Australian tour, and I must say I agree with them. I 'm extremely sorry, for instance, that Douglas Jardine has chosen to serialise his forthcoming book on his Test Match experiences. I know he feels that it is high time the Australian critics were answered—and everyone will sympathise with him up to a point. He has had a great deal to put up with, and he naturally wants to hit back, but, to my way of thinking, this series of extracts from his book, which is being syndicated in various newspapers, is rather a cheap way of doing it. He would have been so much better advised to keep silent, for everything he says will further complicate an already exceedingly complicated position.

I 'VE heard all sorts of rumours lately about the controversy between M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control, and one of them is to the effect that M.C.C. would like to deal direct with the Australian cricketers, and leave the Board out of the negotiations altogether. It is even said that the next Australian team to visit this country will be brought over independently of the Australian Board of Control altogether. But whatever the truth may be—and these rumours have pretty sound foundations—the fact remains that it is inadvisable in every way for members of the M.C.C. team to add fuel to the flames.

And while we 're dealing with cricket, I must say I 'm glad that the Oval authorities have cancelled this week's Gentlemen and Players match. It is always impossible to collect representative teams, and surely it is better to wait for the Lord's match, and make it one of the best games of the year.

Open-Air Boxing

Jack Pettifer, the English boxer, brought to his knees by the German, Walter Neusel, in their match, which took place at the Lea Bridge Speedway, won by Neusel

TURNING to boxing—and it is very much in our minds, with the Petersen-Doyle fight coming along at the White City next week—I was rather impressed with Petersen's form against George Cook at Cardiff. Cook is a remarkable old veteran, and he pulled out all his tricks, so that Petersen was up against a more formidable proposition, by a long way, than anything he has struck hitherto.

It was, therefore, something of an achievement for Petersen to win on points, and I think he was content to win in this manner rather than risk his right hand in going for a knock-out against so hickory-tough a

(Continued on page 44)

A NEW LIGHT SIX . . . . £195—AND— EVERY INCH A VAUXHALL

A big car in everything but price . . . really roomy . . . really comfortable—no hint of cramping or skimping of convenience. A powerful car . . . ample quiet power for high average speed, for hills, for long straight stretches. A delight to drive . . . rigid to the road . . . steering that responds instantly . . . brakes that call halt at a touch . . . a gear box that thinks with you—Synchro-Mesh ensures faultless gear changing . . .

And the car is delightfully smooth . . . engine tremors, road inequalities . . . body noises . . . vibration—all have been smoothed out. The mechanical aspect of motoring can be forgotten in this car, it never obtrudes; day-long, tireless journeys can be yours. There is more comfort built into this high grade interior than in any other car of comparable size or price.

Every inch a Vauxhall, dignified in appearance, graceful in contour with lines sweeping back from the famous radiator and fluted bonnet. Here is a car of balanced features, no one attribute is stressed at the expense of the remainder. The result is motoring that is completely satisfying.

Two horse powers are available, 12 h.p. (£12 tax) for the motorist who desires true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating cost, and 14 h.p. (£14 tax) for those who want an extra reserve of power and turn of speed. *This new car can now be seen and tried at any Vauxhall Dealer.*

A FEW NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

1. Exceptional roominess.
2. Overhead valve engine, with choice of two power ratings.
3. Four-speed gear box with silent third and Synchro-Mesh easy change system.
4. Down-draught carburetter with instant starting and increased power output.
5. Progressive front springs.
6. Exceptional steering lock (turning circle 34ft.)
7. Protectoglass all round.
8. Foot controlled head lights.
9. Chromium stoneguard and bumpers.
10. Real leather upholstery.
11. Thief-proof spare tyre clamp.
12. Vauxhall No-draught ventilation on De Luxe Saloon.

For those who require a larger car of higher price there is the famous 16.9 h.p. Vauxhall Cadet *Saloon* £295. *Coupe (2 or 4 light* £295.

SALOON £195 (12 h.p.) (*Pytchley sliding roof £5 extra*)

DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. and 14 h.p.) —*sliding roof, No-Draught Ventilation, chromium lamps and flutes, disappearing centre armrest, parcel nets, assist cords, etc.* £215.

The New VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p.) £195. DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. & 14 h.p.) £215

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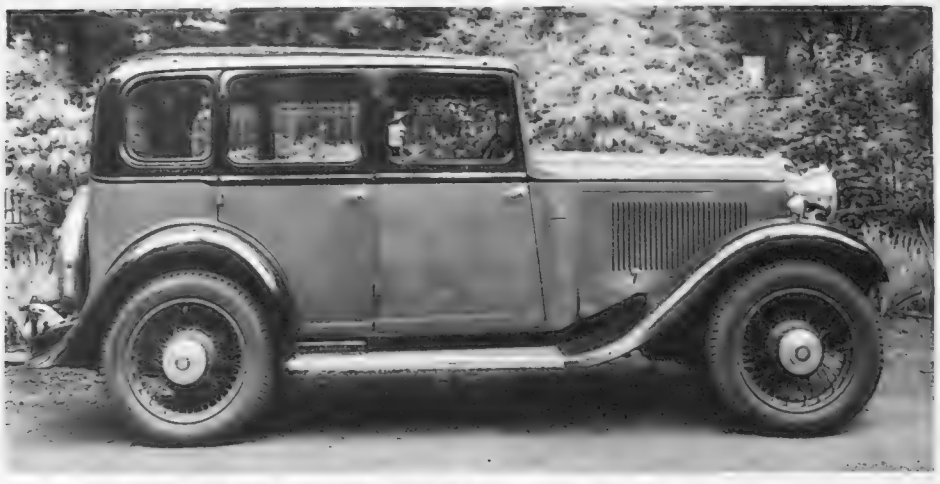
Cars with a Personality

The New 12-h.p. Humber

By The Earl of Cardigan

Right: seen from this angle, the lines of this 12-h.p. car denote power and are quite impressive. The doors are of ample width, and both front windows are equipped with a quick-acting opening device



Above: the new Humber "Twelve" is a thoroughly good-looking car; and yet, for its size, provides a remarkable degree of coachwork, embodying both space and comfort

Above: the engine, although a four-cylinder unit, is quite exceptionally smooth and flexible. Note the unusual feature of a silencer affixed to the carburettor air-intake

The driving position is comfortable, the instruments are neatly grouped, and the gear-lever comes conveniently to the hand

Right: the back seat provides ample space and leg-room. The hinged quarter-light windows are a real asset, providing ample ventilation while excluding draughts

NEARLY every car, if it has any merits at all, tends to leave with the motorist who handles it for the first time some definite, outstanding impression by which it is remembered. Curious though it may seem, my own chief reaction to the new Humber "Twelve," when I tested it a few days ago, was a sense of surprise, arising from the discovery that I was actually dealing with a genuine 12-h.p. car!

Nowadays, it is often thought permissible to label a car as a "twelve" when it is, in sober fact, of 13 or even 14 h.p. The new Humber, more than most light cars, gives the impression of possessing something considerably in excess of its advertised engine-capacity. Its precise R.A.C. rating is, nevertheless, no higher than a modest 11.98 h.p.

The illusion of extra power is, of course, chiefly fostered by the manner in which the four-cylinder engine goes about its work. It is quite exceptionally smooth, exceedingly flexible, and possessed of remarkable liveliness, even at very modest speeds. It is more than ordinarily quiet, even the carburettor air-intake being silenced—and yet is capable, with a full-sized saloon body, of "getting away" in top gear, after being held up by traffic or checked on a hill, without so much as a suspicion of effort. I am guilty of no fulsome compliment when I say that its whole performance is much more suggestive of a 16-h.p. "six" than of 12-h.p. "four."

Even in the matter of speed, the new Humber does rather more than one normally looks for in a small car of the "family" type. In third gear, it is capable of reaching 50 m.p.h., while in "top," something not far short of 70 m.p.h. can be attained. It is only when approaching these maximum figures that one is conscious of any undue activity taking place under the bonnet.

IN no respect is coachwork comfort sacrificed to achieve such results. The car which I tested was a saloon, providing me with ample leg-room in front, and yet allowing adequate space for two full-grown passengers behind. The chassis springing, moreover, proved very smooth and efficient under all conditions. The car held the road well, and behaved very satisfactorily in cornering.

The steering seemed pleasant, and permitted the car to be turned "in one movement" within a relatively small space.

Humber brakes are always of admirable power, and came well up to expectation in this case, giving the driver every cause for confidence. My only criticism concerns a personal fad. A more progressive, and less impulsive, braking action at very low speeds would constitute an improvement.

Generally speaking, the new Humber deserves, and will no doubt gain, high praise for its striking contribution to the cause of economical motoring. It is modestly priced at £265; and it achieves a standard of performance which, for a 12-h.p. model, would, until very recently, have been regarded as scarcely attainable by any orthodox means.

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(Continued from page 33)*

Normally, if Dale Bourn were playing someone in a final he would have the majority of spectators hoping for his success, but for this occasion only it is very clear that Michael Scott's victory was extremely popular. This was due to the fact that golfers and spectators alike were pleased affectionately to call Scott a veteran, and to hope that a career which has been so full of great achievements would be finally crowned by the Amateur Championship itself. A very worthy winner has emerged from nearly three hundred disputants for the honour. The Amateur Championship takes a lot of winning. It is a marathon of short sprints as the conditions stand at the monent, and the best player of shots may not win, simply because he has not got the physique to stand up to this tremendous physical and mental, as well as golfing, test.

BUT Michael Scott never faltered. His victory in the semi-final over Dunlap, the American Walker Cup player, was perhaps the greatest of the Tournament, and the golf he played in it was magnificent—better than that which enabled him to win on the following day. It was feared by some of his well-wishers that he had reached the peak of his endeavour on that penultimate day, but Michael Scott proved that he still has all the requisites to a high degree. His golfing ability is unquestionable. His stamina, both mental and physical, has proved well worthy of the test. I am happy to be able to pay this tribute to a very great golfer and a very worthy Champion.

I HAVE let myself go on the subject of Michael Scott, but I know that all my readers will agree that this is merely common justice, even if I have so restricted my remaining space that I have but little room in which to discuss the other matches and contestants. Of them, let it be said that Dale Bourn has once again proved there is probably no better fighter in the country. This year Dale has had to contend against indifferent golf. We have known for a long time how good he can be on occasions; but, funnily enough, excepting in spasmodic flashes, we have not seen it this year, when he has achieved more than in any other. Yet this very failing has enabled him to prove something which is just as great as skill at golf, and that is the ability to win and the determination and strength of character which is necessary to find one's way through a tournament to the final stages without playing really well. Well done, Dale!

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 40)*

fighter as Cook. Petersen has had trouble with that right hand of his, and if it goes back on him, he 'll be through with boxing. What 's more, he 'll need it against Doyle, for I 've no doubt that he intends to put the wild young Irishman to sleep with a right-hand punch.

What I do like about Petersen is his concentration on his job: he lives simply, keeps himself fit, and goes modestly ahead in his attempt to reach World Champion standard. About Doyle I 'm not so certain: he 's a more ebullient type altogether, and I think he finds the routine of training extremely galling. A pity, for he 's a grand lad in many ways, with tremendous physical advantages. But I doubt if he has the temperament for making a real success of the boxing game. I 'm afraid he 's not altogether fit, either, though I hope, when his big chance comes on July 12th, he'll be up to scratch. I 'm told that tickets for this fight are going like wild-fire, and I can quite understand it—although it will, in all probability, last only a minute or two. Both Doyle and Petersen have personality and a punch, and those are the only qualifications for drawing the big crowd.

AND now we 've Henley just ahead of us. May the weather be kind and the crowd of foreign scullers less formidable than in recent years! And there 's the Open Golf Championship in full swing. I hope profoundly that the British victory in the Ryder Cup match was a good omen, and that an Englishman will come out on top at the end of the week, though while Hagen lives to fight, the chance of anyone beating him always seems to me remote, so remarkable are his powers of recuperation.

BUT I still find the excitements of this summer too much for me, and I agree with a certain illustrious Rugby footballer, who remarked to me the other day that it was high time a general sporting armistice was signed between the nations, so that we might have at least a brief interval of peace in the sporting world.

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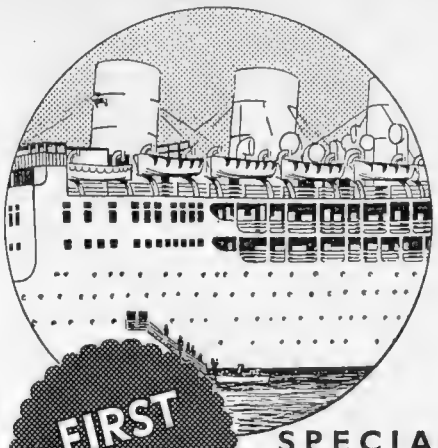

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For all information apply to Enquiry Office, Gare de l'Est, Paris, or to La Maison de France, Champs-Elysées, Paris.

The Doggy World

The Chesapeake Bay Retriever : By Lady Kitty Ritson

THE Chesapeake Bay retriever is such an interesting dog that I have been studying it closely, for it is essentially, as its name suggests, a gun-dog, and anybody in England who goes in for sport is fond of gun-dogs even if he doesn't care for other breeds of dogs. I believe I am right in stating that there is not a single specimen of the breed in England, nor has one ever been imported.

A fine study of Mrs. Cottingham's Golden Retrievers, who appear to enjoy the attentions of the photographer

The outstanding feature of the Chesapeake is his water-resisting coat, and he does not even mind the rough, icy waters of Chesapeake Bay, so that he would care little for the comparatively mild temperature of our English lakes and rivers. There were retriever trials recently held by the American Chesapeake Club, and the winning dog followed a wounded duck for over an hour and a half in the water and at the end was neither distressed nor cold. At the time the temperature was seven degrees Fahrenheit. There were Labradors and Golden Retrievers competing, and they hesitated when it came to plunging into the icy water.

This dog, named King of Montaux, located his duck, but the duck dived and came up where it had originally fallen, and then made for open water, diving whenever the dog came near it. Once the dog could not locate the duck for five minutes, but he never thought of giving up, and finally he found it. In the end, King caught the bird up, three-quarters of a mile away, and only then turned and swam back to land.

THE Chesapeake stands about 23 or 25 inches high, and is a thick-set, powerful dog, with a round skull, broad between the eyes, shallow stop, and a long, deep muzzle, pointed, but not sharp.

The first time that I saw one of this breed I was not particularly impressed, because he is a dog who has been bred almost entirely for work and not for the show ring, although all the shows now cater for him. One of his outstanding characteristics is that the hind quarters are as high, or a trifle higher, than the shoulders. This is not a pretty line to anybody who is accustomed to the sloping lines, let us say, of an Alsatian or an Irish setter, but a horseman will tell you that it always means strength, and I know of nothing more heartening than to look behind you, when you have a long way to go on a horse, and to see curved and high quarters swelling with power.

A yellow or hazel eye is a characteristic of the breed, and to begin with, that is a little disconcerting for most British people, who make a fetish of dark eyes, although Colonel Badcock, one of our foremost gun-dog trainers, says that a light-eyed dog never forgets its training once it has learnt it. On the other hand, an extremely light eye is a fault, just as much as a dark eye. The Chesapeake's head is most attractive in its expression, and so is the dog's lively demeanour and evident sturdiness.

Mr. Earl Henry is the greatest Chesapeake authority of the day, and they were judged at the recent Morris and Essex Show by Dr. Porter, another Western expert. I have seldom been so taken by any working dog as I am with the Chesapeake.

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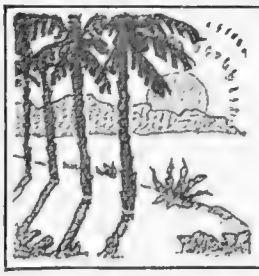

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"Black Cats" at Margate

WHO can resist the appeal of mass cheerfulness? Margate, always a fairly popular resort, was crowded with thousands of visitors in the most genial frame of mind when 4000 employees of Carreras, the tobacco manufacturers, arrived on their annual outing. Thousands of visitors and townsfolk turned out to greet the "Black Cats," as the Carreras people were happily nicknamed. Charing Cross Station presented a Bank Holiday appearance when five special trains steamed out to carry this cheerful crowd to their day at the sea. This day, which they enjoy as the guests of the directors of Carreras, is one which is looked forward to almost all the year round; for no effort is spared and nothing is too much trouble for the organisers in their desire to see that everybody has their share of the good time. Carreras factory girls boast of the enthusiastic, yet orderly way in which they enjoy their fun; and it is remarkable what a spirit of good fellowship and cheerfulness is evident throughout the town on this great occasion.

An International Reception

GUESTS numbering 1000, and including the Prime Minister and most members of the Cabinet, attended a great reception recently given to the World Economic Conference Delegates by the directors of Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., and the Cie. Internationale des Wagons Lits. Sir Edmund and Lady Wyldbore Smith received the guests in the spacious booking-hall of the Company in Berkeley Street; and the brilliance of the scene was added to by the floodlit exterior.

A Correction

WE regret that, owing to a misunderstanding when referring to Dr. Barnardo's Homes in our issue of June 21st, we stated that their family consisted of nearly 3300 children. This is wrong. The exact number of children in their care at the present time is 8478.

In Goes "Granny"!

A new and quite "super" bathing-pool was opened recently at the Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath, by Mr. C. H. S. Ellis, M.P. An amusing demonstration of bathing in the 'eighties by girls dressed in the regulation swimming costumes of that date, was given

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

A COLD LUNCHEON

BRANDY OR GIN COCKTAIL

*

MACÉDOINE OF FISH

*

GALANTINE OF CHICKEN

*

NOUGATS À LA CRÈME DE CHOCOLAT

*

CAFÉ

Brandy or Gin Cocktail

MIX a quarter of a pint of brandy or gin, half a gill of curaçoa, a tablespoonful of bitters, half a gill of ginger syrup, one pint of ice. Moisten the rim of the tumbler with the juice of a lemon.

Macédoine of Fish

LINE a plain mould with aspic, and put into it, to the depth of an inch, cooked carrots, turnips, French beans, peas, cauliflower, etc.: shake pepper and salt over them and a small quantity of oil and vinegar dressing. Next pour in another layer of aspic and allow it to set. Now fill up the mould to within one inch of the top with a fish purée, made by passing any cooked fish you wish to use through a sieve and mixing into it enough mayonnaise sauce to moisten it, one gill of stiffly-whipped cream, and nearly two gills of aspic jelly; whip all together and fill the mould, placing, when the fish purée is set, another layer of vegetables on the top. Finish with a layer of aspic jelly, and when quite set turn out on to a bed of lettuce, garnish with cucumber and radishes, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Galantine of Chicken

BONE a fowl, and put in the following mixture: ½ lb. minced bacon, two truffles, 1 lb. of sausage-meat, the yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs, and salt and pepper to taste. Wrap it in a cloth, and tie or pin it, not too tightly, and boil. When boiled, unfasten the cloth and tie up again, and place it between two dishes well weighted and leave for a time. Then remove the cloth and brush over with glaze; let it stand, and repeat the glazing three or four times.

Nougats à la Crème de Chocolat

CREAM 6 oz. of fresh butter, stir in 8 oz. of grated chocolate and mix well; line some plain dariole moulds with the mixture rather thickly, leaving a hole in the middle. Let them stand in a cool place for a day. Turn out by dipping them in warm water, and running a knife round the sides; roll in desiccated coco-nut and fill with pink and white whipped-cream.

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My space will not allow me to deal specifically with all the branches of their activity, and I have singled out their leg and foot treatment, of which I have had practical demonstration, for detailed description.

It is not a promise but a demonstrable fact that legs and ankles can be reduced and remoulded and made beautiful. The basis of the process is the softening and restriction of muscles made tight and hard by over-exercise, dancing or faulty carriage, the breaking down of fat cells and the dissipation by means of stimulated circulation of the lymphatic matter and unhealthy fluid. The method employed is scientific massage and electricity which, incidentally, improves general health.

TREATMENT is given only by skilled masseuses, thoroughly conversant with anatomical conditions. As a preliminary, accurate measurements are taken of ankle and calf. Then massage, to loosen and soften the muscles, with deep but gentle upward manipulation is given, followed by electrical massage with a galvanic battery. The patient lies face downwards for the first part of the treatment, and then on her back, so that no weight or strain is put on veins, muscles or tissues during treatment. The next part of the programme is a faradic foot-bath, which tightens and reduces the muscles, succeeded by the application of iodide-potassium lotion and a subsequent massage with special reducing lotion and cream. The treatment takes about an hour. The renewed application of the tape measure is a finale, and I can vouch for the fact that a reduction of from one quarter to a whole inch can be accomplished during a primary treatment.

A course of six treatments on alternate days is generally sufficient to produce healthy shapeliness, and the results, in the case of legs and ankles, are lasting. Certain auxiliary exercises to be practised at home accelerate and establish the effects of the treatment. It is interesting that the electricity proves beneficial to general health, improved circulation improves the surface of the skin and has proved helpful even in cases where varicose veins are present. There is complementary treatment for weak and fallen arches, which are often contributory causes to thick ankles and misshapen legs.

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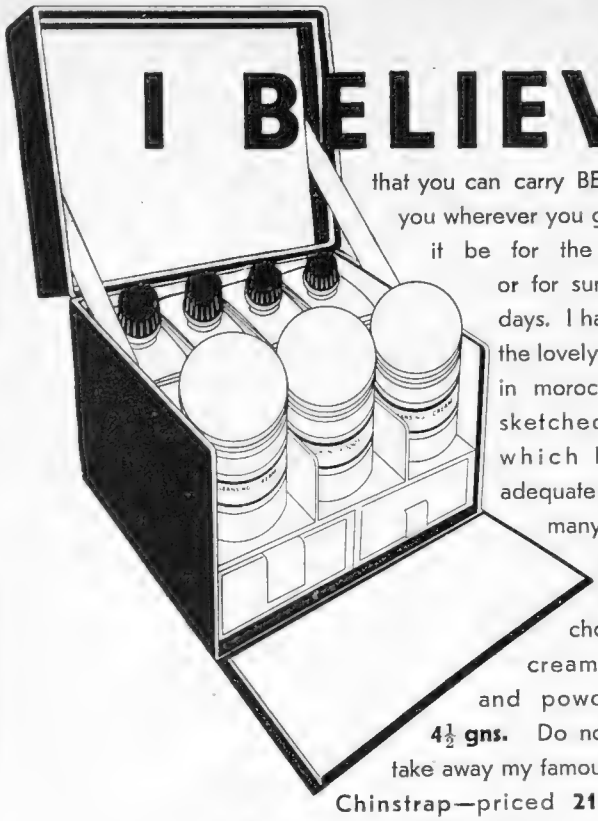

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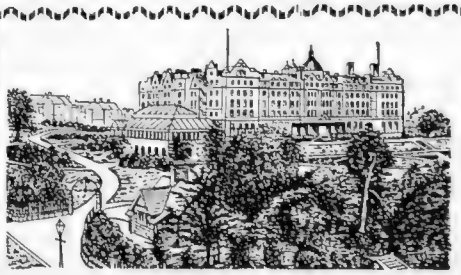

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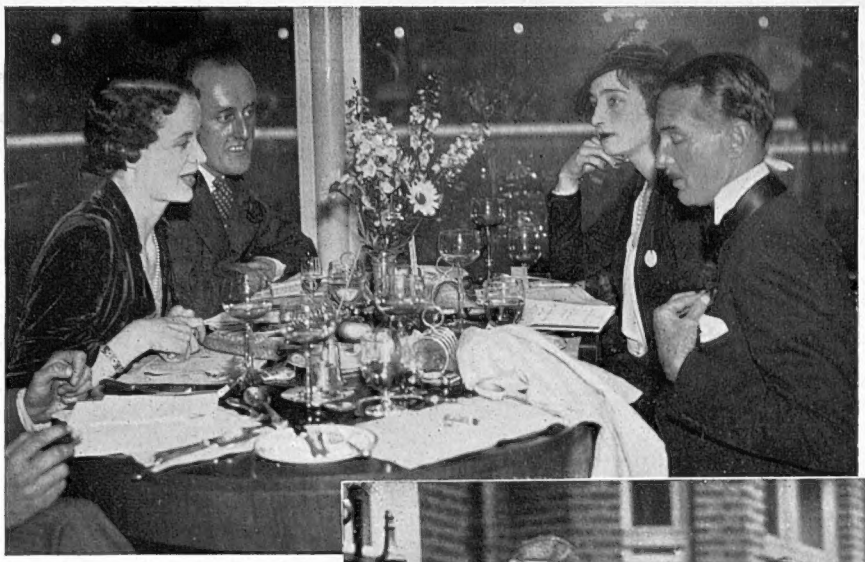
Roosevelt's Cousin

Miss Helen Delano Robbins, daughter of the new American Minister to Canada, a cousin of President Roosevelt, and well-known in Washington society. She is seen above in the dress in which she was presented at the last Court



Above: a party of four who watched Future Cutlet win the Greyhound Derby at the White City were Mrs. A. C. Critchley, Sir Anthony Weldon, Lady Dumfries and Mr. Charles Munn

Below: Mme. Alanova at the garden party given by Mrs. Von Hoffmanstahl at Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, in connection with the Maccabi Ball, to be held at the Dorchester this month

Above: two cheerful guests, Lady Anne Hope and the Hon. Monica Brand, on their way to the wedding of Lady Helen Primrose and Mr. Hugh Adeane Smith at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Right: Mr. James Harbord, Miss Primrose Salt, Miss Auriol Harbord, Miss B. Batlavala, Mr. Thoresem, and Mrs. Dick Wyndham sitting below, at the débutantes' cocktail-party given by Mr. Dennis Bradley

Olla Podrida

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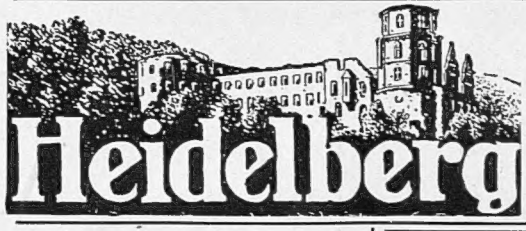

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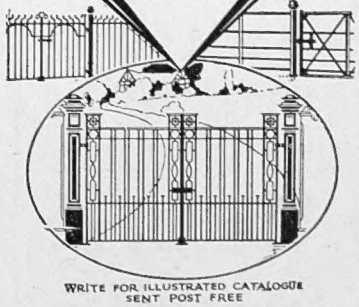

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The Confidences of Angela

"Only herself to blame"...

"Yes, Ted. I'll be riding at ten . . . After effects? I know them not. But it was a wonderful dance. Bobby kept as close as my shadow. Saw a special licence in his eyes—till I mentioned you. Yes, you are useful sometimes! . . . Did I tell you about Sarah Pensworth at Sandown? No? . . . It was a scream! You know what a mean old minge she is. Claude told us all his gee would win. Sarah thought we were going to back it on the Tote and there would be so much money on it that the odds would be small, so she quietly sneaked away and backed it with the bookies, at 6's. Of course, you know the Tote paid 12½/1. How did we back it? Tote prices, of course, but not *on* the Tote. No, dear, there's no mystery about it. Didn't you know you could wire 'Duggie' and get Tote odds with a bonus of 5%—no limit, too? Wild, yes! I should just think she was! That's what I told her; 'she only had herself to blame' . . . Rather! She went up to town the very next day to open an account with 'Duggie.' And now—"

SIR EDWARD: "I know, Angela. You're going to say 'She, too, is enthusiastic about 'Duggie'!'"

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